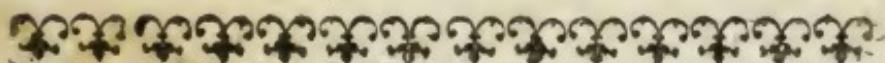


A

Select Collection
O F T H E
PSALMS of DAVID.



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A
Select Collection
OF THE
PSALMS of DAVID,

As Imitated or Paraphrased by the most
Eminent ENGLISH POETS, Viz.

Mr. ADDISON,
Mr. BLACKLOCK,
Mr. BARTON,
Mr. DANIEL,
Sir JOHN DENHAM,
Dr. GIBBS,
King JAMES I.
Mrs. LEAPOR,

* MILTON,
* Mrs. MASTERS,
* Mrs. ROWE,
* Sir PHILIP SIDNEY,
* Dr. TRAPP,
* Mrs. TOLLET,
* Dr. WOODFORD,
* And several Others.

TOGETHER WITH
Some ORIGINALS never before Printed.

To which is added,

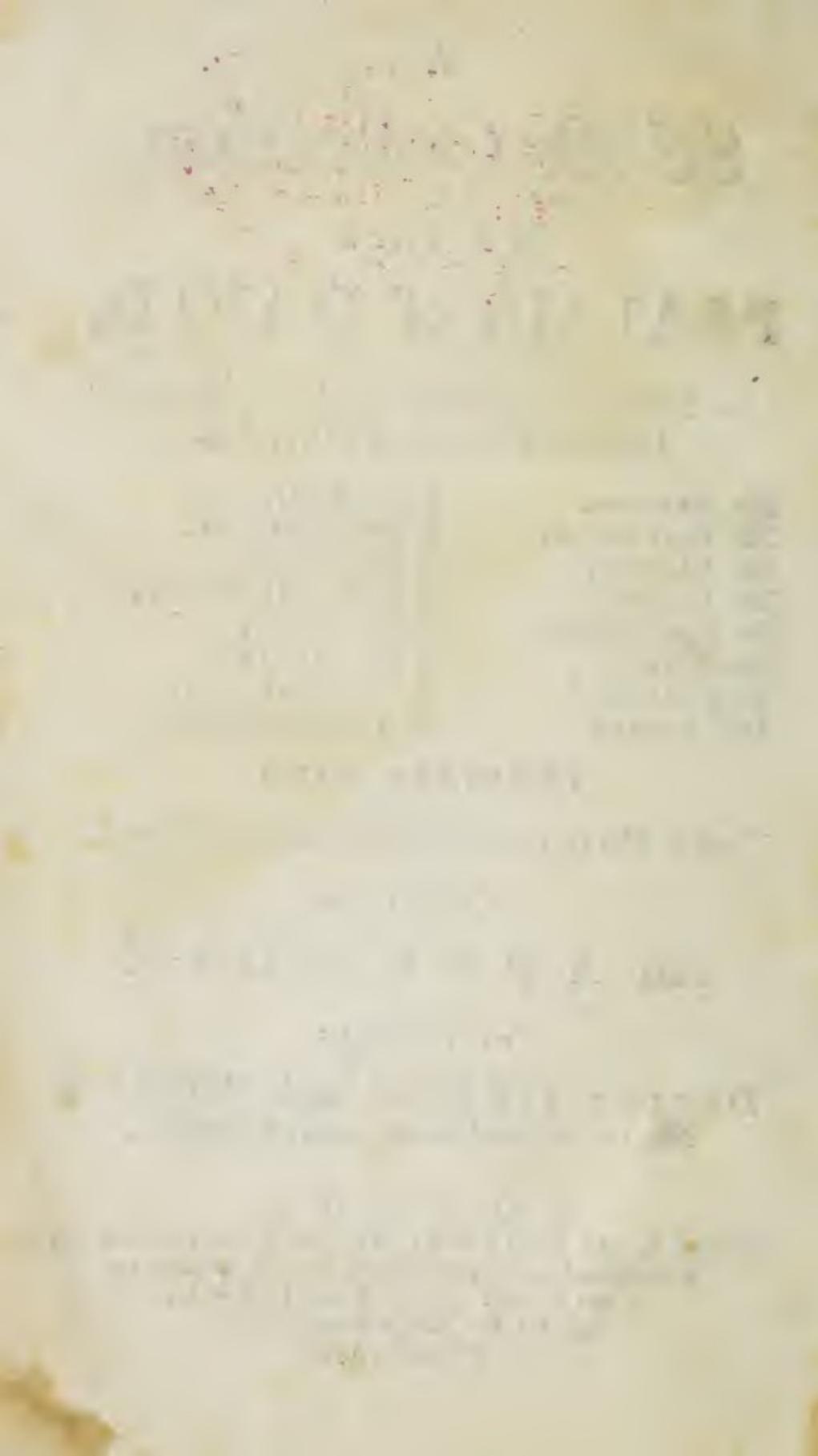
An APPENDIX

OF SEVERAL

DIVINE HYMNS and POEMS,
Not to be found in any other Collection.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the EDITOR: And sold by W. GRIFFIN in
Wide-Gate-Street, in Bishopsgate-Street; S. HOOPER
in the Strand, and by S. and P. EAVES,
opposite the King's Arms Tavern,
in Pall-mall, 1756.





P R E F A C E.

THE Collection of Psalms here offered to the Public, are such as may justly claim the Attention of the Devout and true Christian, nor be no unpleasing Entertainment to all who admire the Beauty and Charms of POETRY.

The great Variety of Subjects which are diversified through the whole Book of Psalms, make it impossible to imagine that any one Person, though of the most exalted and sublime Genius, could ever succeed in a poetical Version of the Whole, to equal, or even to compare with the Divine Originals: and for the Truth of this Observation, the Versions of several

A

learned

learned Men are a sufficient Proof; where, at a slight Inspection, 'tis easy to perceive how much inferior several of them are in Point of Sense, or the Beauties of POETRY, to what others are, though composed by the same Hand: and this might be owing to a particular Psalm, which may not be a Subject suitable to the Genius of the Poet; whereas another whom it shall suit, (though inferior) will render it as beautiful and pleasing as any composed by the most masterly Hand.

" Divine Poetry has, through all Ages,
 " from the first Improvement of Lan-
 " guage in the World, been held in Ho-
 " nor and Esteem. Many of the An-
 " cients excelled therein; and to this we
 " chiefly owe the lofty Themes and sub-
 " lime Sentiments of the Prophets. There
 " is, in all the distinct Varieties of it, a
 " certain peculiar Propriety, Sweetness and
 " Majesty, that sooths the Attention, and
 " bears up the Mind upon the Wings of
 " Transport: But when the Muse kin-
 " dles her Fires in Heaven, and tunes her
 " Num-

“ Numbers to the Symphony of Angels,
 “ we are warm’d with heavenly Raptures,
 “ and filled with the Divine Attributes
 “ and Perfections.” And the Psalms which
 breathe with such sacred Ardour in Praise
 and Love to the SUPREME BEING, from
 whose Inspiration such heavenly Strains
 could only flow.—I say, a poetical Ver-
 sion of them in the *English* Language,
 such as might compare with the Dignity
 of the Originals, would be a valuable
 Treasure—But of this we must ever des-
 pair, as to complete such an Undertaking,
 requires a Poet of the highest Class, of a
 Divine and unbounded Genius; in whom
 must be united to the most sublime Thoughts,
 a noble Turn of Expression, an easy and
 natural Dignity; in short, he ought to be
 inspired with that Divine Spirit which il-
 luminated the Mind of the Royal PSAL-
 MIST.

The several Versions now in Esteem,
 beside those of *Sternold* and *Hopkins*, and
Tate and *Brady*, sung in Churches, are
Dr. Watts's, *Sir John Denham's*, and a

few others: The first of these is the best that has ever yet appeared; but they being confined to a particular Class of People, are not in universal Esteem; and I think the peculiar Turn of several is stretched a little too far. As to Sir *John Denham's*, which are *the Product of his Piety and retired Years*, we may in his Version observe a most devout Elevation of Soul, and wonderful Energy and Beauty of Expression: In short, I think they have Claim to a very great Share of Merit — How useful they were to Dr. *Watts*, and the fine Thoughts which he has taken from him, is very obvious, on comparing them together. As to the present Version, which is, with the greatest Care, collected from the **B E S T A U T H O R S**, and which to compleat, no Pains or Expence has been spared, 'tis humbly submitted to the Candour and Judgment of the discerning Reader, how far superior 'tis to all that has gone before

'Tis hoped no Person will be displeased at there being so many Duplicates of several particular Psalms, as their Merit must be

be sufficiently known by the Reputation and Fame their great Authors have justly acquired.

To conclude ; every Person who is an Admirer of the Psalms, or has a Taste for Divine Poetry, cannot fail, on the Perusal of what is here offered, of being agreeably entertained, not with Trifles of little Consequence, or Things of no Moment, but in such a Manner as may tend to their own Good, and the Glory of that **SUPREME BEING** to whose Praise most of them are composed.





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D A PROPERTY OF D,
PRINCETON

As imitated by the best Authors.

THEOLOGICAL

DICTIONARY.

PSALM I. By Dr. GIBBS.

THICE happy he! that does refuse
With impious sinners to combine ;
Who ne'er their wicked Way pursues,
And does the scorner's seat decline.

But still to learn, and to obey
The law of God is his delight ;
In that employs himself all day,
And reads and thinks thereon at night.

For as a tree, whose spreading root
 By some prolific stream is fed,
 Produces fair and timely fruit,
 And num'rous boughs adorn its head :

Whose very leaves, though storms descend,
 In lively verdure still appear ;
 Such blessings always shall attend
 The man that does the Lord revere.

But O, how diff'rent shall it be
 With those that for their sins are curst !
 Whom soon confounded we shall see,
 Like chaff with ev'ry wind disperst :

And how, alas ! shall they appear,
 Before the judge enthron'd on high,
 Oppress'd with horror and despair,
 While good men enter into joy !

For still the Lord from heav'n looks down,
 And sees what good and bad men do ;
 That those he with rewards may crown,
 And these to punishment may go.

P S A L M I. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

I.

HA P P Y the man who never strays
 In vain consult through guilty ways :
 Nor does in paths of sinners wait,
 Nor rests in their licentious seat.

II.

II.

The law divine does him employ,
 With constant diligence and joy :
 This task prevents the dawning light,
 And fills the vigils of the night.

III.

So shall he live, so flourish still,
 As fast beside the silver rill,
 The tree, with fruit maturely hung,
 For ever green, for ever young.

IV.

But far unlike are the profane ;
 As parted from the solid grain.
 Beneath the van, when winds arise
 The chaff in whirling eddies flies.

V.

Nor shall the impious dare to stand
 Before the seat of high command :
 Nor shall they undiscern'd remain,
 Though herded with the righteous train.

VI.

The Lord observes, with strict survey,
 How pious men direct their way :
 The paths in which the wicked tread
 To certainty of ruin lead.

P S A L M II. By Dr. G I B B S.

WH Y do the heathen nations rise,
 And in mad tumults join ?
 Confed'rate kings vain plots devise
 Against th'Almighty's Reign ?

His royal title they deny,
 Whom God appointed Christ ;
 Let us reject their laws, they cry,
 Their binding force resist.

But he, that sits in heaven above,
 Their weaknes shall deride ;
 His word their malice shall reprove,
 His pow'r correct their price :

And thus he to the world will own ;
 I have the king ordain'd,
 On *Sion's* holy mount his throne
 In sacred strength shall stand :

And thus to him was pleas'd to say,
 As I his words declare ;
 Thou art my son, I have this day
 Begotten thee my heir :

Desire of me, and I'll submit
 The nations to thy sway ;
 The distant nations shall unite,
 And thy commands obey :

But those, that do thy laws refuse,
 In pieccs thou shalt break ;
 And with an iron scepter bruise
 Their disobedient neck.

Ye earthly kings, the caution hear ;
 Ye rulers, learn the same ;
 Serve God with rev'rence, and with fear
 His joyful praise proclaim ;

Confess the Son, and own his reign,
 'Ere he to wrath inclines ;

And,

And, so resenting your disdain,
Confounds your vain designs :

For should the madness of his foes
Th'avenging God incense,
Happy are they that can repose
In him their confidence.

P S A L M III. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

LO R D ! how the number multiplies
Of those, who to afflict me rise ?
How many say, that God my Lord
Will to my soul no aid afford ?

But thou hast still my heart upheld ;
Thou art my glory, and my shield.
My cries the ears of God did fill,
Who heard me from his holy hill.

I laid me down, and sweetly slept ;
For he my God in safety kept.
Nor shall I fear ten thousand foes,
Who me on ev'ry side inclose.

Save me, my God ; my Lord, arise,
For thou hast smote my enemies :
Their jaws have felt thy mighty stroke,
Which all their pois'nous Teeth has broke.
From God alone salvation flows,
To him their bliss his people owes.

P S A L M III.

MY God, how many are my fears,
How fast my foes increase !

Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n,
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threatning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

[I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear ;
I call my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spight of all my foes ;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

What though the host of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;
My refuge is my God.

Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing :
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save :
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

P S A L M I V. By Mr. B A R T O N.

O God that art my righteousness,
 Hear when I call to thee ;
 For in the day of my distress
 Thou hast enlarged me.
 In mercy hear me now again,
 And quell my foes disdain :
 How long will ye, O sons of men,
 My glory turn to shame ?

How long will ye vain things affect,
 And follow after lies ?
 Know godly men are God's select,
 And he will hear my cries.
 All sinful courses set apart,
 And stand in awful dread :
 In silence commune with your heart,
 Upon your secret bed.

For incense offer innocence,
 And righteousness's present ;
 And wholly put your confidence
 In God omnipotent.
 What way they might themselves advance,
 Great multitudes inquire :
 But Lord thy shining countenance
 Is all that we desire.

For thou hast made my heart to feast
 With sacred comforts more,
 Than worldlings when they were increast
 With corn and wine full store.
 I'll both lie down sweet rest to take,
 And also sleep secure :
 For only thou, O Lord, dost make
 My dwelling safe and sure.

P S A L M V. By Dr. G I B B S.

O Lord, receive my fervent pray'r,
 Relieve my soul opprest with care,
 And hear my loud complaint ;
 On thee alone I can rely,
 Do thou, my God, to whom I fly,
 My sad petition grant ;

For with the rising sun my voice
 To thee I raise with early cries,
 And humbly help expect ;
 For still the Lord his aid denies
 To such as are my enemies,
 And does their cause reject :

They on thy favour can't rely,
 That practise such iniquity,
 For thou wilt punish those
 That do malicious lies invent,
 And would to death the innocent
 By treach'rous means expose.

But I will still thy praise display,
 Within thy courts my homage pay,
 And thus address my pray'r ;
 Lord, in thy laws direct my Ways,
 Since those my watchful eye surveys,
 And make me persevere.

Whatever kindness some profess,
 Their hearts are full of wickedness,
 They flatter to destroy :
 But let, O Lord, the vengeance due
 Those in their horrid crimes pursue,
 Who do thy pow'r defy :

That

That they, who do on thee rely,
 May in thy praise confess their joy,
 That thou dost them defend :
 For to the righteous thou, O Lord,
 Thy gracious favour dost afford,
 And still thy help extend.

P S A L M VI.

LO R D, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise ;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise.

Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel ;
 The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal !

See how I pass my weary days
 In sighs and groans ; and when 'tis night,
 My bed is water'd with my tears ;
 My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn ?
 How long, Almighty God, how long ?
 When shall thine hour of grace return ?
 When shall I make thy grace my song ?

I feel my flesh so near the grave,
 My thoughts are tempted to despair ;
 But graves can never praise the Lord.
 For all is dust and silence there.

Depart, ye tempters from my soul,
 And all despairing thoughts depart.

My God who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

P S A L M VII.

MY trust is in my heav'nly friend,
My hope in thee, my God ;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'r'er's near.

If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r controul ;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust ;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just ?

He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th'upright ;

His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spight.

For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast ;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.

That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword ;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace,
And justice of the Lord.

P S A L M VIII,

O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies :

When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing
A-kin to dust and worms ?

Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of ail below.

Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves obey,

And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

How rich thy bounties are !
And wondrous are thy ways :
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprizing honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine .
Thy glories round the earth is spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

P S A L M IX. By Dr. G I B B S.

LORD, with united heart and voice
I will thy praise proclaim,
And with a grateful song rejoice
To spread thy glorious fame :

Confounded at the sight of thee
My foes are put to flight ;
Thus thou, great God of equity,
Dost still assert my right.

The heathen we no longer dread,
Their impious champion's gone,
They and their very names are dead,
They're both become unknown.

Insulting foes, how long can ye
Of ruin'd cities boast !

Your plundrings now as well as they
Are in oblivion lost :

But God eternally remains
Fixt in his throne on high,
And to the world from thence ordains
Impartial equity :

And still the helpless will defend
From fierce oppressor's pow'r,
And for their injur'd souls extend
A refuge most secure.

They, Lord, who this thy goodness know,
Shall in thy pow'r confide,
Since for thy faithful servants thou
Dost timely help provide.

Then of the God of *Israel*
The glorious acts proclaim !
And to the wond'ring nations tell
His everlasting fame !

For thus when he for wicked men
Prepares their punishment,
He hears the injur'd poor, and then
Does all their cries resent.

And thus consider still, O Lord,
The justice of my cause ;
Who often hast my life restor'd
From death's devouring jaws :

That I in *Sion* may extol
Thy great and glorious name,
And of the favour of my soul
The goodness still proclaim.

The heathen nations are dismay'd,
 They're all to ruin brought,
 For in the treach'rous nets, they lay'd,
 Ev'n they themselves are caught :

Lo, thus the Lord to execute
 True judgment still inclines ;
 That wicked men may taste the fruit
 Of their own ill designs :

This is of those the dang'rous state,
 Who thus forget the Lord :
 To rest the humble shall not wait
 In vain to be restor'd :

And thus, O Lord, exert thy pow'r,
 Lest mortal force prevail ;
 That those that will not thee adore
 Thy judgments may assail :

And thus, Almighty Lord, do thou
 Their impious pride restrain ;
 That they with humble fear may know
 That all their strength is vain.

P S A L M X. By Dr. G I B B S.

LORD, why in times of deep distress
 Dost thou from us retire,
 When dismal woes our souls oppress,
 And thy kind aid require !

The wicked do with lawless pride
 The helpless persecute ;

But

But let them be themselves destroy'd,
And fall in their pursuit :

For still they triumph, when success
Does their designs attend,
And then their ways, who thus oppress,
Profanely they commend :

And thus so insolent they grow,
That God they never fear,
They no Almighty Being know,
No Pow'r divine revere.

And from the barb'rous paths, they tread,
No acts of providence
Can e'er oblige them to recede,
Or stop their bold offence ;

But thus the good and just they hate,
And all their foes defy,
Presuming they possess a state
Of full security :

Their mouths are full of vanity,
Of curses and deceit,
And for the poor in secret they
Do treach'rously lay wait :

As hungry lions do their prey
Observe with watchful eyes,
So heedless innocents would they
With sudden force surprize.

And then, like lions merciless,
Their trembling souls devour ;
And thus the helpless do oppress
When captives to their pow' ;

For this, humility they feign,
 And specious meekness shew,
 That unsuspected their design
 They freely may pursue.

They think that God, if God there be,
 Does not their sins perceive,
 Or if he does their actions see,
 Will all their crimes forgive :

But now, O Lord, exert thy pow'r
 The helpless to redeem,
 That so their impious foes no more
 May thus thy name blaspheme :

For thou, O Lord, their crimes dost vie
 And know'st their wicked hearts,
 That thou the dreadful vengeance due
 May it give to their detests :

The helpless, Lord, on thee depend,
 Do thou their cause maintain,
 Against their foes thy pow'r extend
 Till none of them remain :

For always thou, eternal Lord,
 The heathen hast dismay'd ;
 Inspir'd by thee the poor implor'd,
 And have obtain'd thy aid :

And thus thou dost the meek defend,
 And all their wrongs redress,
 That their proud foes, by thee restrain'd,
 No longer may oppress.

P S A L M XI. By Dr. G I B B S.

ON God securely I rely,
 Why then this vain advice, that I,
 Like tim'rous birds, my foes should shun ?
 I fear not though they now come on,
 Though all the threat'ning force of war
 Against the guiltless they prepare ;
 For if the pow'r, in which they trust,
 Should fail, how helpless are the just !
 But still the God of equity
 Resides in heav'n, and thence his eye
 Does all the thoughts of men explore,
 And strictly views their actions o'er ;
 The just with favour he surveys,
 He sees and hates th'oppressor's ways,
 And on their impious heads will pour
 Of snares and flames a dismal shew'r ;
 And this their bitter cup must be
 To drink to all eternity ;
 But still the God of righteousness
 The just will with his favour blest.

P S A L M XII. By Sir JOHN D E N H A M.

HE L P, Lord ; for godliness is lost,
 And faith from earth departs ;
 Men to their neighbours falsely boast,
 Or lie with double hearts.

But lips of flattery God cuts off,
 The tongue of pride he'll curb,

The

The tongue which at all pow'r does scoff,
What pow'r shall us disturb?

God, to relieve th'opprest will rise ;
 Though now they sigh and weep,
 He their despisers shall despise,
 And them in safety keep.
 Than silver, seven times purify'd
 By fire, his word's more pure :
 His power the just from spite and pride
 For ever shall secure.

Th'ungodly shall on ev'ry side
 Run to and fro amaz'd ;
 When those, whom they with scorn deride,
 To honour shall be rais'd.

P S A L M XIII. By Dr. G I B B S.

HO W long wilt thou neglect,
 O Lord, to hear me pray ?
 How long my sad complaint reject,
 And turn thy face away ?

How long shall thoughtful care
 Distract my doubtful breast ?
 How long must I these troubles bear,
 And be by foes opprest ?

Attend, and hear my cries,
 Some comfort now disclose,
 Ere grief has shut my weeping eyes
 In death's obscure repose :

Lest my proud enemy,
 If now my trust should fail,

And

And those that persecute me cry ;
See, thus we still prevail :

But I on thee rely,
And in thy aid rejoice ;
And still to thee, my God, will I
Address my thankful voice.

P S A L M XIV:

AR E sinners now so senseless grown
That they the saints devour ?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r ?

Great God, appear to their surprize,
Reveal thy dreadful name ;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

Dost thou not dwell among the just,
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust :
Great God, confound their pride.

O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress !
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV.

SAY, heav'ly muse, and teach my song,
 To whom immortal joys belong ?
 And who the chosen few ?
 Whose souls shall mount the blest abode,
 Shall smile forever with their God,
 And shine as angels do ?

The man, who 'midst a scoffing croud,
 Dares to pursue the upward road,
 Where virtue shoots her ray ;
 Whose willing heart, whose chearful hands,
 Join to perform his God's commands,
 And own his sacred sway :

Whose tongue, the glory of his frame,
 Ne'er scatters poisons on a name ;
 For 'tis his constant care,
 Such is his soul ! to grave the part,
 He owes his neighbour, on his heart,
 In strokes divinely fair.

Though sinners swell in robes of pride,
 And boast their thousands at their side,
 He can their pomp despise ;
 While the poor saint, that fears the Lord,
 Bends to his name, and trusts his word,
 Is honour'd in his eyes.

If once his lips the word have spoke,
 The word he never dares revoke ;
 And obstinately good,

He varies not from what he swore,
Though earth and hell oppo'sd their pow' ;
And his resolves withstood.

By us'ry he will ne'er augment
The plenties providence has lent :
He pleads the guiltless' cause,
Though all the lux'ry of the east
Were brought to bribe him into rest,
And hush th' impartial laws.

This is the soul, that freed from clay,
Shall climb to everlasting day,
And dwell for ever there :
Who might behold all nature break,
And hea' its mighty pillars crack,
And never yield to fear.

P S A L M XVII.

LORD, I am thine : But thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spight against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lie below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blisful face,
And stand compleat in righteousness,

This life's a dream, an empty shew ;
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake, and find me there ?

O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

P S A L M XIX. By Mr. ADDISON.

TH E spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim :
 Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to every Land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as th'Evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine".

P S A L M XXI.

THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
 Shall in thy strength rejoice ;
 And blest with thy salvation raise
 To heaven his cheerful voice.

Thy sure defence through nations round
 Has spread his glorious name ;
 And his successful actions crown'd
 With majesty and fame.

Then let the king on God alone
 For timely aid rely ;
 His mercy shall support the throne
 And all our wants supply.

But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
 Shall feel thy dreadful hand ;
 Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
 That hate his mild command.

When thou against them dost engage
 Thy just, but dreadful doom
 Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
 Their hopes and them consume.

Thus,

Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
 And thus exalt thy fame ;
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine Almighty name.

P S A L M XXIII. By Mr. ADDISON.

TH E Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIII. By Mrs. R O W E.

TH E Lord is my defence and guide,
 My wants are by his care supplied :
 He leads me to refreshing shades,
 Through verdant plains, and flow'ry meads ;
 And there securely makes me lie,
 Near silver currents rolling by.
 To guide my erring feet aright,
 He gilds my paths with sacred light ;
 And to his own immortal praise,
 Conducts me in his perfect ways.
 In death's uncomfortable shade,
 No terror can my soul invade :
 While he, my strong defence, is near,
 His presence scatters all despair.
 My spiteful foes, with envy, see
 His plenteous table spread for me :
 My cup o'erflows with sparkling wine,
 With fragrant oils my temples thine.
 Since God hath wond'rous mercies shew'd,
 And crown'd my smiling years with good ;
 The life he graciously prolongs,
 Shall be employed in grateful songs ;
 My voice in lofty hymns I'll raise,
 And in his temple spend my days.

P S A L M XXIV.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men and worms, and beasts and birds :
 He rais'd the building on the seas,
 And gave it for their dwelling-place.

But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
 Who shall ascend that blest abode?
 And dwell so near his maker God.

He that abhors and fears to sin,
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
 Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.

These are the men, the pious race
 That seek the God of Jacob's face:
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

Rejoice ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the king of glory nigh;
 Who can this king of glory be?
 The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

Ye heav'ly gates, your leaves display
 To make the Lord the Saviour way:
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
 The conq'ror comes with God to dwell.

Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
 He opens heav'n's eternal door,
 To give his saints a blest abode
 Near their redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV.

MINE eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord;
 I love to plead his promises,
 And rest upon his word.

Turn, turn thee to my soul,
 Bring thy salvation near;
 When will thy hand release my feet
 Out of the deadly snare?

When shall the sovereign grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways
 My wand'ring feet have trod!

The tumult of my thoughts
 Doth but enlarge my woe;
 My spirit languishes, my heart
 Is desolate and low.

With every morning light
 My sorrow new begins;
 Look on my anguish and my pain,
 And pardon all my sins.

Behold the hosts of hell,
 How cruel is their hate?
 Against my life they rise, and join
 Their fury with deceit.

O keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame,
 For I have plac'd my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait
 To see thy face again;
 Of *Isr'el* it shall ne'er be said,
 He fought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

JUDGE me, O Lord; and let thine eye
 Discern my heart's integrity:
 I trust in thee, and cannot slide;
 Thy truth and kindness is my guide

Examine both my Reins and Heart,
 Which never from thy ways depart;
 I with vain persons never sat,
 And all their vile assemblies hate.

With wicked men I'll not converse,
 Nor with th'ungodly hold commerce;
 In innocence I'll wash my hand,
 And then before thy altar stand.

My thanks I'll publish with my voice,
 And in thy wond'rous works rejoice:
 Oh I love that blessed place,
 Thy honour's residence does grace!

When dead, my portion, Lord, remove
 From those, who sin and bloodshed love;
 Who with one hand have spoil'd and kill'd,
 And with false bribes the other fill'd.

And, Lord, when thou hast ransom'd me
 With mercy, I will walk with thee
 In righteous paths, and thy great name
 With honour in our tribes proclaim.

PSALM XXVIII. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

MY Lord, my rock, see how I weep;
 If thou regardless silence keep,
 I in the shades of death shall sleep!
 The voice of my afflictions hear,
 When with devout and humble fear
 I at thy oracle appear.

Let me not, Lord, my portion share
 With those whose works deceitful are,
 Who speak of peace but plot of war.
 Do not thy just revenge suspend;
 On them the same destruction send,
 Which they for others did intend.

Since they the wonders thou hast wrought,
 And thy great works have set at nought,
 Let them be to confusion brought.

God to my pray'rs his ear did lend,
 His mighty shield did me defend,
 My pray'rs and praise shall him attend.

To thy belov'd inheritance
 Thou giv'st a safe deliverance,
 And their salvation shalt advance.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
 Ascribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.

The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
 Over the ocean and the land ;
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.

He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
 Lay the wide forest bare around ;
 The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
 Leap at the terror of the sound.

To Lebanon he turns his voice,
 And lo, the stately cedars break ;
 The mountains tremble at the noise,
 The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
 The thunder reigns for ever king ;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.

In gentler language there the Lord
 The counsels of his grace imparts :
 Amidst the raging storm his word
 Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXIX. By Mrs. TOLLET.

YE kings and heroes ! whose imperial sway
 The subject nations of the world obey :
 Select the leaders of the flock with care,
 Whose budding horns imagin'd fights prepare ;
 To God's abode the destin'd victims bring,
 And own the Lord, of majesty the spring.
 With rev'rence pure his sacred name adore ;
 The author of your delegated pow'r :

For strength deriv'd from him your homage own ;
 And prostrate fall before his awful throne.
 His sov'reign voice restrains the swelling floods ;
 He rolls his thunder through the fable clouds.
 His pow'r to bounds confines the raging sea ;
 And nature's laws his dreaded voice obey.
 His awful voice commands ; and all around
 The stately cedars tremble at the sound :
 From snow-crown'd *Libanus* the cedars torn,
 Their rifted bole and shatter'd branches mourn.
 Not woods alone, but solid mountains shake ;
 Like calves which herdsmen from their mothers take :
 Tall *Libanus* inclines, and *Hermon* moves,
 As the young unicorn his fury proves.
 Th' Almighty speaks, the parted clouds give way,
 And through the breach the ruddy lightnings play :
 The desert region, and the wi'd abode
 Of *Cadmus*, tremble at the voice of God.
 The forest shakes, and forc'd by sudden throes
 The frightened hinds their helpless fawns depose.
 The coverts shine, detected by the blaze,
 And God's high temple echoes with his praise.
 The Lord, for ever king, though tempests rave,
 Enthron'd resides above the roaring wave.
 Be thou in war thy people's dread defence ;
 In peace the blessings of calm peace dispense.

P S A L M XXXII. By Mr. DANIEL.

HOW happy is the man, how calm his breast,
 Whose peaceful conscience lulls his foul to rest !
 Thrice happy, when the dang'rous storm is o'er,
 And his good God resents his crimes no more ;
 When heav'n is reconcil'd, its anger past,
 And the long wish'd-for pardon's seal'd at last !

How fierce the fire, how dreadful is the smart,
 When unrepented sin consumes the heart!
 'Too well I know the wretched pain, who try'd
 To hush my conscience ard my crime to hide:
 More silly I, and foolish who believ'd
 Guilt could be stifled, and my God deceiv'd;
 But oh, too soon the vain desighn I mourn'd,
 Good heav'n with what a twinge the thought return'd
 How did it pierce, and fly through ev'ry part?
 How did it rage, and stab me to the heart?
 Fear and amazement in my looks were seen;
 My very bones came starting through the skin:
 Hell, Hell was in my breast——
 By day for refuge I to busineſſ fled,
 And with affaіrs of moment fill'd my head;
 But oh! in vain I plung'd myself in care;
 The stinging guilt pursu'd and rack'd me there.
 What should I do? my easy couch I prest,
 And thought that gentle sleep would give me rest;
 Sleep would not, could not come, the silent night
 Enlarg'd my crime, and gave it all to sight:
 From ſide to ſide I turn'd, I rav'd, I toſt,
 And wish'd my veſy ſenſe of being loſt.

So when a Lion wounded from afar,
 Feels in his panting ſide the quiv'ring ſpear;
 Upward he ſprings, then rolling on the ground,
 Tugs at the broken ſhaft, and licks the wound;
 Fev'rish he flies, he ſeeks the cooling ſhoars,
 And mad with pain, the lordly Savage roars.

Bleſt was the time, and happy was the day
 When firſt my reaſon reaſum'd its ſway;
 'Twas then with shame I view'd my conduced paſt,
 I loath'd, I mourn'd, and own'd my crime at laſt;
 Proſtrate on earth before my God I lay,
 And in a flood of tears diſſolv'd away;

And,

And, oh! these tears, said I, shall never cease,
 Till thy all-gracious hand has sign'd my peace.
 He heard, he saw, and willing to forgive,
 He pity'd, nay, he kindly bid me live.
 Then, then I felt a sudden transport rise,
 Spring in my heart, and lighten in my eyes:
 From my charm'd soul I banish'd ev'ry care;
 All heav'n rush'd in, and took possession there.

Ye sons of *Isr'el*, who with just accord,
 Obey his precepts, and adore the Lord,
 Would ye through storms of life in safety ride?
 Let then your king's experience be your guide;
 Submit with pleasure to your Maker's sway,
 Loth to offend and willing to obey:
 Not like th' unthinking mule, or sluggish horse,
 Which wants the goring spur to win his course,
 For manly reason should in good rejoice;
 Whilst sacred love, not force directs his choice:
 Whene'er from virtue's precepts ye depart,
 Whene'er some fav'rite vice has stain'd your heart;
 Let not a day escape, one moment roll,
 But drive the dire contagion from your soul:
 Timely against the lurking ill provide,
 Nor vainly hope the latent guilt to hide:
 Dread an all-seeing God, his wrath assuage;
 Confess, repent, and deprecate his rage,
 His rage which bids the angry tempest rise,
 Works up the waves, and blackens all the skies;
 From whose broad hand the gather'd waters flow,
 Burst o'er the sinner's head, and drown a guilty world
 below.

Be wise, my sons, with humble reverence bend,
 In heav'n confide, and make your God your friend;
 Let a false joy the sinner's heart deceive,
 Chuse ye the sweets which innocence can give.

In virtue's paths your happy hours employ,
 No fears, no terrors shall your peace destroy,
 Bless your good God, and clap your hands for joy. }

P S A L M XXXIII.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you,
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just and true!

His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wond'rous name.

His wisdom and almighty word
 The heav'nly arches spread;
 And by the spirit of the Lord
 Their shining hosts were made.

He bid the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before him stand;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.

He scorns the angry nation's rage,
 And breaks their vain designs;
 His counsels stand through ev'ry age,
 And in full glory shines.

P S A L M XXXVI.

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
 And yet a God they own,
 My heart within me often says,
 " Their thoughts believe there's none."

Their thoughts and ways at once declare
 (Whate'er their lips profess)
 God hath no wrath for them to fear,
 Nor will they seek his grace.

What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
 But there's a hast'ning hour
 When they shall see with sore surprize
 The terrors of thy pow'r.

Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 'Though mountains melt away;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep unfathom'd sea.

Above these heav'ns created rounds,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
 Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds
 Where time and nature end.

Safety to man thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beait;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy children chuse to rest.

[From thee, when creature-streams run low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.

Though all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day
 Where clouds can never rise.]

P S A L M XXXVII. By Mrs. M A S T E R S.

FRET not thyself when wicked men prevail,
 And bold iniquity bears down the scale.
 They and their glory quickly shall decay,
 Swept by the hand of providence away,
 As verdant grass, cut from its vital root,
 That with' ring, dies beneath the heedless foot:
 In piety resolv'd, on heav'n depend;
 His hand shall feed thee, and his arm defend.
 Delight in him who hath the pow'r to bles^s,
 And what thy soul desires, thou shalt possess;
 In all thy ways on providence recline,
 So shall he vindicate each just design,
 Thy virtue in full prospect shall be shewn,
 Clear as the morn, bright as the mid-day sun:
 In humble silence ever patient be,
 Wait the event of his divine decree,
 Though guilty policy her schemes fulfill,
 Fret not thyself, nor imitate the ill.
 Sudden the sons of vice shall be destroy'd,
 And desolate the place they once enjoy'd.
 But he that's humble, merciful and just,
 And in his God reposes all his trust,
 Shall see his days protracted, void of care,
 And pass with pleasure all his smiling years.
 The harden'd wretch, that's grown from bad to worse,
 May grind his teeth or vent the dreadful curse,
 Or the black schemes of hidden mischief lay,
 Heav'n's fav'rite children eager to betray:

Th' Almighty

Th' Almighty views him with a scornful eye;
 Knowing the day of his destruction nigh.
 In vain he draws the sword, and bends the bow,
 And levels at the just the murd'ring blow.
 His own false heart shall feel the fatal wound,
 And the snapt bow lay shiver'd on the ground.
 'The humble pittance, by the good enjoy'd,
 With labour gain'd, with probity employ'd,
 Is better far, and more to be desir'd,
 Than wealthy stores, by wicked men acquir'd :
 Whose arms shall fail, whose strength shall weakness
 prove,
 But the just man no pow'r on earth shall move.
 His God is his support, his joy, his rest,
 And to eternity be shall be blest.
 When heavy judgments sweep o'er guilty lands,
 Secure in conscious innocence he stands :
 When fountains fail, and earth denies her grain,
 When pinching want, and meagre famine reign.
 In his fair fields shall fruitful harvests grow,
 And his fresh springs with chrystral streams o'erflow.

But stubborn sinners shall no mercy find ;
 For as light vapours fly before the wind,
 As offer'd lambs on glowing altars lay,
 Whose burning fat consumes and melts away,
 So shall they perish all, and disappear ;
 As clouds of smoke disperst in thinner air.
 All that is just the wicked man declines,
 False are his words, and fraudulent his designs.
 With ease he'll promise, and with ease betray,
 " Lend me, says he :" but never means to pay .

What diff'rent virtues grace the pious mind !
 Here mercy is with chearing bounty join'd,
 Here open-handed C H A R I T Y is seen,
 And soft COMPASSION with a gentle mien ;

Such

Such is the man, who long heav'n's favour shares,
And leaves the copious blessing to his heirs.
But he that travels on in wicked ways,
Is most accurst, and short shall be his days.
A good man's steps are all with caution trod,
At once the charge and fav'rite of his God:
And if he slips (as sure the best may err)
He's still supported by Almighty care.

From blooming youth to my declining years,
I ne'er beheld the righteaus or his heirs
Unfriended, wand'ring, piteously implore
The dole of charity from door to door.
His pray'rs, his pity, ev'ry gracious deed
Entails a lasting blessing on his seed.

Observe what's right, let sin be most abhor'd,
Immortal life shall be the great reward.
For truth and virtue are by heav'n approv'd,
And the just man shall be by heav'n belov'd.
Protected by his God, he knows no fear,
For ever safe beneath his guardian's care.
That friend of saints will lengthen out their days,
When sudden death cuts off the wicked race.
But he, whose life is regular and pure,
Shall make his name to latest times endure.
Nor through unnumber'd ages shall decline,
The patrimonial honours of his line.
What wisdom dictates, he with pleasure tells,
While his glad tongue on sweet instruction dwells.
Within his heart his maker's law presides,
And firm he treads whom true religion guides.
In vain he's watch'd by his infidious foe,
That seeks to slay him with a secret blow.
For heav'n, still careful of its servant's good,
Shall free him from the hand distain'd with blood.
Or, if malicious sycophants combine,
If wicked men in wicked counsels join:

And

And through black perjury and canker'd spight,
 Perverted judgment seize his legal right;
 Intrepid he sustains the pressive ill,
 Conscious his God will hold him guiltless still.

With patient hope the path of God pursue,
 Thine eyes a strange vicissitude shall view.
 Thy right restor'd with larger tracts of land,
 And pow'r, unknown before, shall bless thy hand.
 Thy late insulting foe to thee shall bend,
 And thou shalt mark his miserable end.

I have myself a potent villain seen,
 Like the young laurel, vig'rous, lovely, green,
 With pow'r invested, stretch from side to side,
 Vain with success, and swell'd with inward pride,
 Yet soon this mighty man was shrunk to earth;
 'Twas scarce remember'd that he e'er had birth.
 I sought the place, where he so lately shone,
 'Twas all a waste, the faithless master gone.

Behold the man, whose life's unblemish'd round,
 Is with fair truth, and bright perfection crown'd:
 With what composure he resigns his breath,
 Serenely smiling in the arms of death!
 But the transgressing tribe shall soon decay,
 Though mercy for a while their fate delay.
 A certain vengeance on their race shall fall,
 And one vast ruin overwhelm them all.

To the just man prosperity is giv'n,
 And his Redeemer is the Lord of heav'n.
 But if a tryal of his faith be meant,
 And for that end severe affliction's sent,
 His arm sustains him in the day of woe,
 An gives him strength to bear the chast'ning blow.
 When angry men, a vile perfidious band,
 Approach to wound him with unhallow'd hand;

To heav'n he looks, expecting safety thence,
 And the most high will be his sure defence:
 Will crush his foes and their mad pow'r restrain,
 For none e'er trusted in the Lord in vain.

P S A L M XXXVIII. By Mr. DANIEL.

AH endless source of woe! ah fatal smart
 Which inward burns, and preys upon my heart!
 Bent down, and doubled to the earth I lie,
 Oh frown not, Mighty Being, or I die:
 The stings of guilt my conscious thoughts controul,
 And plant a thousand daggers in my soul;
 The sad extremes of ill are justly join'd,
 A fev'rish body, and a tortur'd mind;
 I merit all thy utmost rage can do;
 Yes, I deserve it all, and feel it too.
 Oh see, most mighty God, behold the wound
 Which racks my soul, and bows me to the ground;
 Sore fiery boils break out on ev'ry part,
 They flame, they shoot, they sting me to the heart;
 From who e hot plague, a noisome stench proceeds,
 Whilst all th'infected carcase burns and bleeds;
 Oh loathsome to myself! oh foul disgrace!
 Where shall the wretched *David* hide his face?
 Though one vast sore o'er all my flesh is seen,
 Yet oh, I mourn a greater ill within;
 The cause, the fatal cause still hits my sight,
 It haunts my thoughts by day, my dreams by night:
 Wretched, nay very wretched let me be,
 What other can my sins expect from thee?

Why heaves my swelling heart with sorrows prest,
 Why does it pant, and flutter in my breast?
 What wouldst thou say, my heart, or how express,
 How tell the piteous tale of thy distress?

Be hush'd, fond thing, and let thy sighs alone,
 'Too well thy follies, and thy griefs are known;
 He knows, he knows thee all, he sees thee throughli,
 Ah, as he sees, would he but pity too !

I thought in my distress some friends to find,
 If courts have friendship, or if vows can bind ;
 But vows are light as air, and flit away,
 And the false makers are as light as they :
 Careless they hear my groans, and mock my toil ;
 Safe at a distance they look on, and smile.
 Oh cruel ! how have ye my heart deceiv'd ?
 How have ye sworn, and how have I believ'd ?
 That I have sinn'd against my God is true ;
 But say, unkind, what have I done to you ?
 Oh thou most glorious Being, good, and just,
 In whom my soul alone can safely trust ;
 By all forsaken, to thy throne I flee,
 From a false world I turn mine eyes to thee ;
 For thou art friends, and world, and all to me.

See how my foes in proud derision stand,
 And blefs the angry tokens of thy hand !
 Joyful, they think the happy time is come,
 To which my wayward fate has fix'd my doom.
 A thousand schemes, a thousand plots they frame,
 To blast my honour, and asperse my fame :
 Food for a day some new-coin'd lye is found,
 And the malicious whisper walks its round.
 Let the sham patriots of their virtue boast,
 And talk to gaping crowds of freedom lost ;
 With blackest crimes my government be charg'd ;
 My virtues lessen'd, and my faults enlarg'd :
 Calm and unmov'd the idle tales I hear ;
 Inclin'd to pity, whom I scorn to fear.
 Ah ! let not from such hands my ruin be ;
 'Tis just that I should die, —— but die by thee !

}

O thou great ruler of the realms above,
 Eternal round of mercy, and of love ;
 Look gently down, and pity the distress ;
 By friends forsaken, and by foes opprest ;
 O pardon my presumption to believe,
 Bad as I am, that thou wilt still forgive ;
 From all my vile, my hateful sins I turn,
 With tears confess them, and in ashes mourn :
 O hear me, glorious Being, and forgive,
 Heal, heal a broken heart, and bid me rise and live.

P S A L M XXXIX. By Mrs. M A S T E R S.

I said, I will with strictest caution tread,
 And ever jealous my own rashness dread ;
 Lest haply, my unguarded tongue betray
 Impatient sense of providence's sway.
 My mouth, as with a bridle, I'll restrain,
 And wicked men shall watch my words in vain.

Determin'd thus, I kept my silence long,
 Nor good or evil issu'd from my tongue.
 But secret musings secret pains impart,
 And grief supprest inflam'd my burning heart.
 Till warm reflection kindled in my breast,
 And thus my tongue the fervent thought exprest :

Teach me, O Lord, to mark with wisdom's eyes,
 The narrow bounds in which my being lies ;
 The scanty measure of my years to weigh,
 And know my frail affinity with clay.
 Behold, how transient is the creature man !
 His longest period lies within a span :
 His age ev'n seems as nothing in thine eye,
 And all his glory is but vanity.

Soon

Soon flit his visionary joys away,
Himself the empty pageant of the day :
Yet the fond wretch consumes himself with care,
Collecting riches for an unknown heir.

Since then each man is vanity and dust,
In whom shall I repose my hope and trust
Where shall my soul for real good attend ?
Where but on thee, the never failing friend ?
Of guilt and shame remove the pressive load,
And let me still find favour with my God.
Oh ! let me from mine enemies have rest,
And be exempted from the scorner's jest.
Speechless I suffer what's ordain'd by thee,
And by my silence own the just decree :
Yet oh ! remove or mitigate my woe,
Alas ! I faint beneath the pond'rous blow :
How should a worm before thy terrors stand ?
Or bear the crush of an Almighty hand ?
When thy just vengeance chastens man for sin,
And conscience stings the guilty wretch within ;
His frame decays, his blooming beauty withers,
And from his cheek the lively colour flies.
So eating moths consume the weaver's toils,
Fret the rich web and triumph in the spoils.

Surely each man is vain to an extreme,
Himself a vapour, and his life a dream.

Hear, mighty God, consider all my pray'rs,
And give an answer to my falling tears.
Lo ! thou hast fix'd my short abode on earth
A stranger and a pilgrim from my birth ;
A traveller who soon must disappear,
Ev'n such am I, and such my fathers were.
Oh ! for a while reprieve me from the tomb,
Pity my youth and heal its fading bloom.

Suspend my fate, my wasted strength repair,
Before I leave the well-known objects here.
'Ere in the grave I shall forgotten lie,
Lost to my friends and hid from ev'ry eye.

P S A L M XXXIX.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

Some walk in honour's gaudy shew,
Some dig for golden Ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal ?
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

P S A L M XLI. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

He's blest, nor shall in danger fall,
 Who does the poor regard ;
 By God preserv'd, on earth he shall
 Receive a large reward.
 His enemies shall ne'er prevail,
 Nor shall he sicknes dread :
 If by disease his vigour fail,
 The Lord will make his bed.

My soul with mercy, Lord, reclaim,
 For I've offended thee :
 My foe desires, my days and name
 May both extinguish'd be.
 His tongue, when he but sees me, swells
 With vain and windy talk :
 The mischief he conceives, he tells
 As he the streets does walk.

With whisp'ring tales themselves they please,
 And say, my bones are sore
 With such a pestilent disease,
 That I shall rise no more.
 Nay, one who long had eat my bread,
 My friend and confident ;
 Though him I trusted, cloth'd, and fed,
 His heel against me bent,
 But, Lord, thy mercy I implore,
 That I may them repay :
 I know that thou wilt me restore,
 Nor give my foe the day.

Then I before thy face shall dwell,
 And on thy care depend :
 Blest be the God of *Israel*,
 Till time shall have no end.

P S A L M XLH.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
 My God, to thee I look ;
 So pants the hunted hart to find
 And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace
 And meet my God again ?
 So long an absence from thy face
 My heart endures with pain.

Temptations vex my weary soul,
 And tears are my repast ;
 The foe insults without control,
 “ *And where’s your God at last ?* ”

’Tis with a mournful pleasure now
 I think on ancient days :
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.

But why, my soul, sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load ?
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
 And sin against my God ;

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove,
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

P S A L M X L I I I . By Mrs. T O L L E T .

I.

O God ! deliver me from wrong ;
 Defend me from an impious throng :
 From secret guile and open strife
 Relieve my fears, and free my life.

II.

O God ! from whom my strength is giv'n,
 Why from thy presence am I driv'n ?
 Why rove I thus, of joy bereft,
 And to my foes defenceless left ?

III.

Of heav'nly light impart a ray ;
 Let truth divine direct my way ;
 And to the favour'd mountain guide,
 Which thy abode has sanctify'd.

IV.

To God I then my steps will bend,
 His holy altar to attend :
 'The God who does my joys inspire ;
 The God to whom I tune my lyre.

V.

Why droops my soul with sorrow fraught,
 And dire inquietude of thought ?
 That dire inquietude resign,
 Deliver'd to the pow'r divine.

VI.

To him I yet my voice will raise,
 In pious melody of praise,

To him who does my cheeks renew
With florid health and roseate hue.

P S A L M X L V . By Mrs. T O L L E T .

From my full heart bursts forth the bubbling stream ;
The youthful monarch is my darling theme
Of sacred verse . my tongue, the ready style
Of the swift scribe, pursues the cheerful toil.
O thou in beauty and majestic grace
Above the progeny of human race !
Upon thy lips soft elocution flows ;
Such endless blessings God on thee bestows.
Thou, great in arms ! with military pride,
Suspend the blazing falchion at thy side :
With prop'rous omens ride in princely state ;
Truth, Mercy, Justice, in thy train shall wait.
Thy right-hand, with inevitable art,
Swift from the bow shall send the piercing dart
Against thy foes, and fix it in their heart.
Subdu'd and vanquish'd then the na'ions all
With prostrate homage shall before thee fall.
Thy throne, O God ! for ever shall remain ;
And righteous is the sceptre of thy reign.
The Love of equity delights thy breast ;
And dire injustice all thy thoughts d~~e~~test :
For this has God, thy God himself has shed
Superior to thy peers. From thy attire
The tears of myrrh with balmy breath respire ;
The aromatic wood unfolds its sweets,
And the rich odour of the cassia meets :
In iv'ry domes the measur'd spices lay,
To swell thy joys on this triumphal day.
The royal maids attend, an honour'd band :
And on thy right, behold thy confort stand ;

Her

Her fair cymarrin rich materials vies,
 Weighty with gold, and gay with various dyes.
 To this advice a willing ear impart ;
 Let this, my daughter ! ease thy penfive heart :
 Forget the pleasures of thy native earth,
 Forget the royal authors of thy birth ;
 So shall thy beauty wi.h thy bliss improve,
 The dearest object of the monarch's love,
 To him thy Lord, submissive honour pay,
 While at thy feet *Phænicia's* daughters lay
 The wealth of *Tyrus'* tributary shore ;
 And suppliant strangers shall thy grace implore.
 Though cloath'd in radiant metal shines the queen,
 Her noblest charms are of the mind unseen.
 Upon her robe the artful needle pours
 A gay profusion of embroider'd flow'rs :
 With solemn pomp her fair companions bring
 The bright imperial virgin to the king ;
 With sounds of universal joy they come
 To the high portals of the royal dome.
 Thy absent sire thy children shall repay ;
 And through the world exten^an their princely sway :
 My song the sponson of eternal fame,
 To future age shall celebrate thy name ;
 To thee the joyful populace shall raise,
 Their loud acclaim, and echo to thy praise.

P S A L M XI.V.

MY Saviour and my King,
 Thy beau ies are divine ;
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,
 And every grace is thine.

Now make thy glory known,
 Gird on thy dreadful sword,
 And ride in majesty to spread
 The conquests of thy word.

Strike through thy stubborn foes,
 Or melt their hearts t'obey,
 While justice, meekness, grace, and truth
 Attend thy glorious way.

Thy laws, O God, are right;
 Thy throne shall ever stand;
 And thy victorious gospel proves
 A scepter in thy hand.

[Thy Father and thy God
 Hath without measure shed,
 His spirit like a joyful oil
 T'anoint thy sacred head.]

[Behold at thy right hand
 The Gentile church is seen,
 Like a fair bride in rich attire,
 And princes guard the queen.]

Fair bride, receive his love,
 Forget thy father's house;
 Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
 And pay thy Lord thy vows.

O let thy God and King
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
 Thy children shall his honour sing
 In palaces of joy.

P S A L M XLVI.

GO D is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distreis invade ;
 'Ere we can offer our complaints
 Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep, and buried there :
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thy holy word,
 That all our raging fear controuls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

Let *Sion* in her king rejoice,
 Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;
 He utters his Almighty voice,
 The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
 And *Jacob's* God is still our aid ;
 Behold the works his hand has wrought,
 What desolations he has made.

From sea to sea through all the shores
 He makes the noise of battle cease ;
 When from on high his thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling world to peace.

He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
 Chariots he burns with heavenly flame ;
 Keep silence all the earth, and hear
 The sound and glory of his name.

“ Be still, and learn that I am God,
 “ I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
 “ I will be known and fear'd abroad,
 “ But still my throne in *Sion* stands.”

O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King,
 While we so near thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM XLVIII. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

GREAT is our God, and greatly prais'd,
 Where he his sacred mansion rais'd ;
 The place is *Sion's* beauteous hill,
 Which with delight the world does fill.

Adjoining to its northern side,
 The royal city is descriy'd,
 Whose tow'rs and bulwarks God did guard,
 When war confed'rate kings declar'd.

Their

Their guilty hearts with fear did quake,
Trembling they did the seige forsake;
Like women seiz'd with sudden fear,
When once they feel their pangs are near:

As when the *Eastern* wind does roar,
And dashes wrecks on *Tarsus* shoar.
In *Salem* when the Lord appear'd,
We saw his face, his voice we heard :

That he his city wou'd protect,
We on thy kindness did reflect.
When to thy temple we repair'd,
By us thy glory was declar'd.

To the world's end, at thy right hand
Eternal righteousness does stand.
Let *Judah*'s daughters tune their voice,
And *Sion* in thy pow'r rejoice !

Walking about the sacred mount,
Her palaces and tow'rs we'll count.
Our children's children this shall see,
And God till death our guide shall be.

P S A L M XLIX.

WH Y doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide ?

[Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they ?]

Not all his treasures can procure
 His soul a short reprieve,
 Redeem from death one guilty hour,
 Or make his brother live.

[Life is a blessing can't be sold,
 The ran om is too high ;
 Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
 That man may never die.]

He sees the brutish and the wise,
 The timorous and the brave,
 Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
 And hasten to the grave.

Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
 " My house shall ever stand :
 " And that my name may long abide,
 " I'll give it to my land."

Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
 How soon his memory dies !
 His name is written in the dust
 Where his own carcase lies.

This is the folly of their way ;
 And yet their sons as vain
 Approve the words their fathers say,
 And act their works again.

Men void of wisdom and of grace,
 If honour raite them high,
 Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
 And like the beast they die.

[Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep
In terror and despair.]

Ye sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

The last great day shall change the scene ;
When will that hour appear ?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here ?

God will my naked soul receive,
When seperate from the flesh ;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh,

Heav'n is my everlasting home,
Th'inheritance is sure ;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M XLIX. By Mrs. TOLLET.

YE sons of humankind attend me all !
Ye habitants of this sublunar ball ;
The rich, the poor, the mean, the nobly born,
Observe me well, nor my instruction scorn.
My lips discursive science shall impart,
And all on prudence meditate my heart :
To mystic truth in allegory told
I bend my ear ; and to the harp unfold.

'n adverse times what fear have I to feel,
 Tho' then my guilt shou'd press my flying heel?
 Tho' some in boasted heaps of wealth confide,
 And by their treasures fortify their pride,
 No bribe prevails with heav'n ; nor can it save
 A ransom'd brother from the gaping grave :
 For heav'n-born souls so poor a price transcend,
 As human wealth ; and let their labour end.
 If life cou'd last for ages long to come,
 Yet hope not vainly to escape the tomb.
 Behold, a mournful scene, before your eyes
 The frequent fun'rals of the grave aud wise :
 How they, like fools and idiots are no more ;
 And leave to thankless heirs their hoarded store.
 Yet still with empty hopes their toils engage,
 In buildings to remain from age to age ;
 Such as transmitted through a long descent.
 May bear their name, and be their monument.
 Yet pow'r and titles to their period haste,
 'Tis not the privilege of man to last :
 Too well with thoughtless brutes may he compare,
 Whose fleeting spirit vanishes in air.
 A stupid course ! yet, in the beaten way,
 Their senseless race approves of all they say :
 Like sheep to slaughter they resign to doom,
 Their lifeless limbs are bedded in the tomb ;
 To death's insatiate teeth a pleasing prey :
 But when the morning shall awake the day,
 The just shall over them obtain the sway.
 In that abode shall waste their lovely bloom,
 For ever banish'd from their former home.
 But God my ransom'd spirit shall retrieve
 From their dire cave ; for me shall he receive.
 Then fear not man ; not tho' his treasure swells
 To vast excess, and he in splendor dwells :
 Nor shall he bear, when he resigns his breath,
 His useless riches to the shades beneath ;

Nor

Nor shall the poor poes ensigns, which attend
 His rites of fun'ral, after him descend.
 Yet while this vital air the mortal draws,
 His own felicity, the world's applause,
 He deems inseparable, to commend
 The man to int'rest and himself a friend.
 The darkling paths his fathers trod before
 Himself shall trace, and see the sun no more.
 The man who does the pinnacle attain,
 If there the instance turn his giddy brain,
 Too well with thoughtless brutes may he compare,
 Whose fleeting spirit vanishes in air.

P S A L M L. By Mrs. TOLLET.

THUS spoke the sov'reign Lord ; his mandate
 run }
 To summon all the world, from whence begun
 His course, to where descends the setting sun.
 From *Sion* God in matchless glory shone :
 Nor shall in silence lead his triumph on ;
 A stream of rapid flame before devours,
 He wraps himself in storms and sable show'rs.
 On heav'n above, and our inferior ball,
 He for his people shall to judgment call :
 Summon my saints who have a contract made
 With me, by victims on my altar lay'd.
 The very heaven his justice shall a'er :
 For God himself is now the arbiter.
 Hear, O my people ! while I speak, while I
 Myself against thee, *Israel* ! testify : }
 For I am God, myself thy deity.
 Nor thy neglected sacrifice I claim,
 Nor holocausts to feed the constant flame :
 No bullock from thy stalls, nor from thy cotes
 Demand I now the leaders of thy goats.

For mine is ev'ry beast of ev'ry kind
 To sylvan laires or forest-walls confin'd:
 And mine are all the herds whose number fills
 The spacious pastures of a thousand hills.
 The fowls are mine upon the mountain brow,
 And mine the savages in fields below.
 Did hunger urge, to thee should I complain,
 When earth is irie, and all its stores contain?
 Or shall the flesh of beeves be my repast?
 Or shall the blood of goats delight my taste?
 On God the tribute of thy thanks bestow;
 And to the pow'r most high perform thy vow:
 Then call on me, when trouble clouds thy days;
 And find my aid, and render me thy praise.
 Then to the impious thus. Hadst thou a cause
 To name my covenant, or preach my laws?
 Who still averse to discipline, behind
 Hast scatter'd my instruction in the wind.
 Thou, who with full consent and conscious eyes,
 Hast shar'd the robber's and adulterer's prize.
 Thy mouth promotes impiety and guile:
 There dost thou sit thy brother to revile;
 Thy very brother of thy mother born
 Is by thy calumnies expos'd to scorn.
 Such were thy deeds, which I in silence view'd:
 And thence did thy relentless heart conclude
 That unconcern'd I to thy crimes agree;
 And by itself presume to judge of me.
 But to reprove thee, now thy deeds shall rise,
 And open all their horrors to thine eyes.
 O! turn your thoughts, and all on this reflect,
 Too prone your great creator to neglect!
 E'er yet he comes to rend the trembling prey,
 When all assistance shall be far away.
 'Tis he the noblest adoration pays
 Who offers up the sacrifice of praise:
 And for the man who guides his actions right,
 The saving pow'r of God shall bless his fight.

P S A L M L I. By Mr. D A N I E L.

Great God, with conscious blushes, lo ! I come
 To cry for pardon, or receive my doom !
 But oh ! I die when I thy anger meet,
 Prostrate I lay my body at thy feet ;
 How can I dare to ask for a reprise ?
 Must I still sin, and will my God forgive ?
 Thy justice cannot let thy mercy flow,
 Strike then, O strike and give the deadly blow :
 Do still I live, and do I live to prove
 The inexhausted tokens of thy love ?
 This unexampled goodness wounds me more,
 Than e'en the wrath I merited before.

Oh I am all a blot, the foulest shame
 Has stain'd my scepter, and disgrac'd my name ;
 A name which once I could with honour boast,
 But now—the father of his people's lost :
 Though in the paths of wickedness I trod,
 Yet sure I must not lose thee all, my God :
 Some little comfort to my soul impart,
 I feel thee here triumphant at my heart ;
 'Tis thou alone canst ease me of my pain,
 Thy healing hand can blot out ev'ry stain,
 Can purge my mind, and make the leper clean. }

Though darkly thy mysterious prophet spoke,
 Whilst from his lips, the fatal message broke,
 Fix'd, and amaz'd, I stood confounded whole,
 Too soon his dreadful meaning reach'd my soul ;
Thou art the man—has fix'd a deadly smart,
Thou art the man—lies throbbing at my heart.
 I am—whate'er thy anger can express,
 Nor can my sorrow make my follies less.

Rais'd, and exalted to the first degree,
 Thy heav'ly will had made the monarch free ;
 The fond restraint of man I scorn'd to own,
 But grasp'd the full possession of a crown ;
 'ndulg'd in ease, I rul'd without controul,
 And to its utmost wish enjoy'd my soul :
 Vain boast of pow'r, which vanish'd into air,
 Since I forgot the Lord who fix'd me there !
 Was it for this thou gav'st the glorious land,
 And thine own flock committed to my hand ?
 Was I the shepherd to go first astray,
 Till innocence itself bcam my prey ?
 Ah no, the fault was mine, I stand alone,
 Be thine the praise, who plac'd me on the throne, }
 The guilt, the folly, and the shame my own.

Before my birth the fatal stain began,
 And growing vice pursu'd me into man,
 Too close I follow'd where inticement led,
 And in the pleasing ruin plung'd my head :
 How wretched is the man, how lost his mind ;
 Whom pleasure softens, or whom passions blind ?
 I should have met the foe with equal fires,
 And bravely combated mine own desires :
 I should—but Oh ! too soon I fell, for sin
 Had brib'd my heart and made a foe within :
 I broke through all, though conscience did its part,
 Conscience the faithful guardian of the heart.
 How vile must I appear, how lost a thing ?
 The worst of tyrants, and no more a king ;
 O do not thou my abject state despise,
 But let my soul find favour in thine eyes ;
 Though loathsome is my crime, and foul the stain,
 The humble suppliant never kneels in vain.

Amazing terrors in my bosom roll,
 And damp the rising vigour of my soul ;

"Tis

'Tis guilt, 'tis conscious guilt that shakes my frame,
 That chills my ardour, and beights my flame ;
 Ah mighty God, vouchsafe thy quick'ning ray,
 Drive from my mind these gath'ring clouds away, }
 One kind regard can give again the day.
 If e'er my artlets youth was thy delight,
 If e'er my soul was precious in thy sight,
 If *David* ever inherited thy care,
 Restore me to thyself, and fix me there ;
 Then let a thouiand gay delusions rise,
 Let flatt ring vice sit smiling in mine eyes,
 Undunted I will go my faith to prove,
 And give my God an instance of my love ;
 The bright temptation shall before me flee,
 And my untainted soul shall rest on thee.
 I fear like *Saul* I have incur'd thy hate,
 And as I fill his throne, should share his fate ;
 Well I remember how th'infernal guest
 Tunultuous heav'd, and labour'd in his breast ;
 Amaz'd I saw his dreadful eye balls roll,
 Whilst cold dismay hung shudd'ring o'er his soul ;
 His frantic rage subsided as I play'd,
 And music's otter pow'r the spright obey'd ;
 That potent harp which could the fiend command,
 Now drops as useleis from its master's hand ;
 Eternal torments i.. my bosom rage,
 My fiercer griefs no music can asswage ;
 'Tis thou a'lone canst succour the distressed,
 And drive the sullen fury from my breast.

Whene'er the horrid deed I backward trace,
 My soul rolls inward, and forgets her peace ;
 Waking I dream, and in the silent night
 A frightful vision stalks before my sight ;
 The pale *Uriah* walks his dreadful round,
 He shakes his head, and points to every wound :
 O foul disgrace to arms ! who now will go
 To fight my battles, and repel the foe ?

Who now to distant climes for fame will roam,
 To fall at last by treachery at home?
 Unhurt the coward may to ages stand,
 The brave alone can die by my command ;
 Oh hold my brain, to wild distraction wrought,
 I will not, cannot bear the painful thought :
 Oh do not fly me, for thy mercy's sake ;
 Turn thee, Oh turn and hear the wretched speak ;
 Ev'n self condemn'd thy kneeling servant save,
 And raise a drooping sinner from the grave.

Speak mighty God, and bid thy servant live,
 Let my charm'd ears but hear the word—forgive ;
 My joyful muse shall bear the tidings round,
 Whilst ringing worlds shall catch the grateful sound :
 Thus other sinners shall obedient prove,
 And taught by me shall wonder at thy love ;
 My firm resolve shall their example be,
 To place their trust and confidence in thee.

By other hands let the mute herd be slain,
 And on a thou and altars smoke in vain ;
 These tears my better advocates shall be,
 No poor atoning ram shall die for me ;
 My penitence shall act a nobler part,
 I bring a broken and a contrite heart ;
 Out Oh, if strictest justice must be done,
 If my relentless fate comes driving on,
 I stand the mark whatever is decreed,
 Be *Ira*'l safe, and let its monarch bleed,
 On me, on me, thy utmost vengeance take,
 But spare my people for thy mercy's sake :
 O let *Jerusalem* to ages stand,
 Ebuild thou her walls, and spread her wide command ;
 So shall thy name for ever be ador'd,
 And future worlds like me shall bless the Lord.

P S A L M L V.

O God, my refuge, hear my cries,
 Behold my flowing tears,
 For earth and hell my hurt devise,
 And triumph in my fears.

Their rage is levell'd at my life,
 My soul with guilt they load,
 And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
 To shake my hope in God.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
 I groan with every breath;
 Horror and fear beset me round
 Amongst the shades of death.

O were I like a feather'd dove,
 And innocence had wings;
 I'd fly, and make a long remove
 From all these restless things.

Let me to some wild desert go,
 And find a peaceful home,
 Where storms of malice never blow,
 Temptations never come.

Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
 To shun the rage of hell!
 The mighty God on whom I call
 Can save me here as well.

By morning light I'll seek his face,
 At noon repeat my cry,
 The night shall hear me ask his grace,
 Nor will he long deny.

God shall preserve my soul from fear,
 Or shield me when afraid ;
 Ten thousand angels must appear
 If he command their aid.

I cast my burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all ;
 My courage rests upon his word
 That faints shall never fall.

My highest hopes shall not be vain,
 My lips shall spread his praise ;
 While cruel and deceitful men,
 Scarce live out half their days.

P S A L M LVI. By SIR JOHN DENHAM.

A Gainst my foes, O Lord, most high,
 To thee for my defence I fly ;
 They by a strong oppressing pow'r,
 With multitudes wou'd me devour.

I, when dismay'd, trust in thy arm,
 And then from flesh I fear no harm ;
 My words to a wrong sense they bend,
 And mischief in their thoughts intend.

Hiding themselves, my steps they mark,
 And wou'd destroy me in the dark :

Shall

Shall they escape ? O let thy wrath
Pursue them in their secret path !

Thou all my wand'ring steps hast told,
My tears are in thy book enroll'd :
And when to thee my God I call,
My enemies, or fly, or fall.

God's word I will for ever praise,
And trophies to his conquest raise,
The vows I made to him I'll pay,
Nor fear what man can do or say.

He from the grave my soul recals ;
Thou wilt preserve my feet from falls,
In God's strait path to walk upright,
When I shall see his saving light.

P S A L M LVII.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my defies perform ;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm,

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;

Awake,

Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. By Mrs. TOLLET.

SAY, O ye senators ! do you pursue
Untainted probity in ev'ry view ?
Ye sons of men ! do all your votes unite
To guard the sentence of impartial right ?
Alas ! within your heart injustice lies,
And governs there, secure in her disguise :
While that unequal balance in your hand
Distributes violence through all the land.
The impious, though but late produc'd to day,
Divert from good : but newly born they stray
With early steps ; their infant voice they try,
And their first accents issue in a lie.
Swol'n with the bane, their livid veins partake
The noxious venom of the turgid snake :
They, like the sullen asp, refuse to hear ;
Who folds the winding mazes of her ear,
Nor listens to the voice whose skill excels
In magic harmony and potent spells.
Disarm their mouths, O God ! and scatter far
The dreadful weapons of the lion's war,
Broke from their jaws. So let them roll away
As ebbing waters hasten to the sea.

Together when the circling points they bring
 Of the tough horn, the shining shaft to wing, }
 Snap the strong bow, and burst the sounding string.
 So let them waste, as snails dissolve in slime:
 As births which immature prevent their time,
 Nor see the golden sun. Ere yet the blaze
 Of crackling thorns can heat the brazen vase,
 These, doom'd to heav'nly wrath a living prey,
 Enwrap'd in whirlwinds he shall bear away,
 The pious man, reflecting on the sight,
 Which fills his bosom with severe d. light,
 Observes celestial vengeance now complete;
 And in the blood of sinners bathes his feet.
 Mankind shall then pronounce: assur'd we trust
 That retribution shall attend the just:
 No doubt remains, that God, the Lord of all
 Dispenses justice through this earthly ball.

P S A L M LX. By Sir. JOHN DENHAM.

WE under thy displeasure mourn,
 Cast out, disperst; but, Lord, return.
 The earth with many breaches quakes;
 Heal them, for she for terror shakes.

Under thy heavy hand we sink,
 And bitter cups of sorrow drink:
 Yet thou at last hast sent us aid,
 Thy truth her banner has display'd.

That thy beloved safe may stand,
 Heard and deliver'd by thy hand;
 God by his holiness did swear,
 Now shall my pow'r with joy appear.

Succoth and *Sichem* with a line
 I'll measure, *Gilead* shall be mine:
Manasseh also me shall know;
 In *Ephraim* I my strength will shew.

Judah my lawgiver shall be;
Philistia, be thou glad of me.
Moab the work of slaves shall do,
 O'er *Edom* I will cast my shoe.

Who guides me to the well-fenc'd town,
 That I may rase her bulwarks down.
 Are we abandon'd to our foe,
 Nor wilt thou with our armies go?
 Lord help us, for man's help is vain,
 Thy arm our courage must sustain.

P A R T o f P S A L M LXII.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
 My rock and refuge is his throne;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face:
 When helpers fail and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

False are the men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity;
 Laid in the balance both appear
 Light as a puff of empty air.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
 And not believe what God has spoke ?

Once has his awful voice declar'd,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 " All power is his eternal due ;
 " He must be fear'd and truited too."

For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne :
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M LXII. By Mrs. ROWE.

O God, my first, my last, my stedfast choice,
 My boundless bliss, the spring of all my joys !
 I'll worship thee before the silver moon
 With silent pace, has reach'd her cloudy noon ;
 Before the stars the midnight skies adorn,
 Long, long before the slow approach of morn.
 Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad anthems sing,
 And with my voice join each harmonious string :
 The midnight echoes at thy name shall wake,
 And on their wings the joyful burthen take ;
 While one bright smile from thee, one pleasing ray,
 Through the still shades shall dart celestial day.

As the scorch'd trav'ller in a desert land,
 Tracing with weary steps the burning sand ;
 And fainting underneath the fierce extremes
 Of raging thirst, longs for refreshing streams ;
 So pants my soul, with such an eager strife
 I follow thee, the sacred spring of life.

Open the boundless treasures of thy grace,
 And let me once more see thy lovely face;
 As I have seen thee in thy bright abode,
 When all my pow'rs confess the present God.

There I could say, and mark the happy place,
 'Twas there I did his glorious foot steps trace;
 'Twas there (O let me raise an altar there!)
 I saw as much of heav'n as mortal sense could bear;
 There from his eyes I met the heav'nly beam,
 That kindled in my soul this deathless flame.

Life, the most valu'd good that morta's prize,
 Compar'd to which, we all things else despise;
 Life, in its vig'rous pride, with all that's stor'd
 In the extent of that important word;
 Ev'n life itself, my God, without thy love,
 A tedious round of vanity would prove.
 Grant me thy love, be that my glorious lot,
 Swallow'd in that, be all things else forgot!
 And while those heav'nly flames my breast inspire,
 I'll call up all my pow'rs, and touch the tuneful lyre;
 With all the eloquence of grateful lays,
 I'll sing thy goodness, and recite thy praise,
 The charming theme shall still my soul employ,
 And give me foretastes of immortal joy;
 With silent rapture, not to be exprest,
 My eager wishes here shall richly feast,
 When full night its gloomy curtains spreads,
 And soothing sleep its drowsy influence sh: ds;
 I'll banish flat ring slumbers from my eyes,
 And praise thee till the golden morning rise;
 Those silent hours shall consecrated be,
 And through the list'ning shades I'll send my vows to
 thee.

P S A L M LXIII. Imitated.

MOUNT, mount my soul unto the realms of light,
 And early seek the Lord of pow'r and might;
 For thee my God, I thirst like parched earth,
 Or lands unpeopled with continual dearth,
 Where no kind show'rs their genial influence shed,
 But wither'd nature hangs her drooping head;
 Thus, thus my panting soul longs to explore,
 The source of bliss whose goodness I adore.
 Thy wond'rous love to me doth far excel,
 All other comforts that in life do dwell;
 With hands uplift my lips shall give thee praise,
 And all my being join the grateful lays.
 In these blest thoughts I close my weary eyes,
 And meditating on thy mercies rise;
 My aid and refuge thou art near at hand,
 O'ershadow'd by thy wings secure I stand.
 They who to spill my soul should e'er presume,
 Death soon shall snatch them to the gaping tomb,
 Or the devouring sword without delay,
 Shall doom them to the savage beasts a prey.
 " To this my God, I'll raise my tuneful voice,
 " Lift up my heart and in thy praise rejoice:
 " Truth like the rising sun shall dart its rays,
 " And lies like darkness flee the mighty blaze."

P A R T of P S A L M LXV.

THE God of our salvation hears
 The groans of *Sion* mix'd with tears;
 Yet when he comes with kind designs,
 Through all the way his terror shines.

On him the race of man depends,
 Far as the earth's remotest ends,
 Where the Creator's name is known,
 By nature's feeble light alone.

Sailors that travel o'er the flood,
 Address their frightened soul to God,
 When tempests rage, and billows roar
 At dreadful distance from the shore.

He bids the noisy tempests cease;
 He calms the raging crowd to peace,
 When a tumultuous nation raves,
 Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,
 He settles in a peaceful form;
 Mountains establish'd by his hand
 Firm on their old foundations stand.

Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
 New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
 The heathen lands, with wift surprize,
 From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

At his command the morning ray
 Smiles in the East, and leads the day.
 He guides the sun's declining wheels
 Over the tops of western hills.

Seasons and times obey his voice;
 The evening and the morn rejoice
 To see the earth made soft with showers,
 Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.

'Tis

"Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the valleys yield ;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play ;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;
O'er every field thy glories shine ;
Through every month thy gifts appear ;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M LXV. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

FR OM thee, O God ! begins the sacred song :
On the, O God ! attends the pious throng
In *Sion's* courts, the grateful vow to pay,
And destin'd victims on thy flames to lay.
To thee, whose ear receives the voice of pray'r,
Shall all of animated earth repair.
My num'rous crimes sad prevalence obtain :
But thine it is to purge the guilty stain.
How happy he, distinguish'd by thy choice,
To near attendance summon'd by thy voice.
Who in thy courts for ever shall remain,
And taste the bounteous blessings of thy fane.

Thou, by terrific deeds in justice wrought,
 Shalt give the answer which our vows have sought:
 O saving Deity ! who dost maintain }
 The hopes of all on earth's extended plain,
 And all who wander on the spacious main.
 His strength the rocks has rooted to the ground : }
 And pow'r with mystic cincture girds him round.
 His will the roaring ocean can assuage ;
 Or curb a frantic nation's wilder rage.
 Thy signals, with tremendous dread, controll
 The limitary circles of the pole : }
 The various climates where the sun displays
 His early beam, or hides his setting rays,
 Resound a joyful echo to thy praise.
 If thou to our inferior region come,
 The gentle show'r restores its vernal bloom : }
 The stream divine a rich profusion yields.
 And with a golden harvest glads the fields.
 The genial moisture chears the furrow'd plain,
 The ridge subdues, and softens with the rain.
 Thus bless'd by thee does infant spring appear ; }
 And thy indulgence crowns the future year,
 While, from beneath thy steps, the clouds around
 With fragrant dews enrich the fertile ground.
 Ev'n on the desert waste the drops distill ; }
 And grateful mirth resounds from ev'ry hill.
 The silver flocks the pasture lands adorn,
 The vallies glitter with the waving corn,
 And o'er the smiling fields the vocal joys are born. }

P S A L M LXVIII. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

LE T God arise, while, all in dire dismay,
 His impious foes shall fly, dippers'd away ; }
 So let them fly before, a routed host,
 As curling smoak in fluid air is loit :

As

As pliant wax is liquify'd by fire,
 So let the guilty waste in God's avenging ire.
 Ye pious votaries ! let grateful joy
 Dilate your breast, and all your pow'rs employ :
 Attune your voice to celebrate his fame,
 Who rides aloft on yon celestial frame ;
 Rejoice in *Jah*, his venerable name.

The orphan babes in him a father know ;
 And he relieves the widow'd matron's woe :
 Impartial judge ! he vindicates her cause,
 And from his sacred seat asserts his laws.
 The solitary train he knows to bind
 In mutual ties, and unity of mind :
 The captive he delivers from his chain,
 And leads him forth to liberty again ;
 But dooms the curs'd apostate to remain
 In thirst and famine on a sandy plain.

When thou, O God ! all radiant at our head,
 Didst through the pathless wild thy people lead,
 Earth shook beneath ; distil'd the fable show'r
 From heav'n above, before th'approaching pow'r :
 Ev'n *Sinah* trembl'd on his solid base,
 Before the God, the God of *Israel's* race.
 Thou pour'it the plenteous stores of timely rain
 To cheer the thirsty glebe of thy domain :
 Thy own peculiar people there resides ;
 And there thy bounty for the poor provides.
 He spake ; a numerous train attends the word,
 And loud proclaims the dictates of the Lord.
 The kings and captains fled in haste away :
 While women and domestics share the prey.
 Ye who so late, in deep dejection spread,
 Among the fully'd caldrons make your bed.
 Shall yet arise, fair as the wings that fold
 The silver dove, who e plumes are ray'd with gold.
 When kings for you th'Almighty put to flight,
 Not snow on *Salmon* was more lovely white.

The hill of God like *Bajan's* hill ascends,
 High as the hill which *Bajan's* verge defends :
 Why leap you thus, ye hills ? on this alone
 The Lord has fix'd his mansion and his throne.
 Him twice ten thousand chariots in array.
 The bright angelic myriads him obey :
 Presides the sov'reign, as of old he shin'd,
 On *Sinai's* summit in the blaze enshrin'd.
 While thou to heav'n in triumph dost arise,
 Thy rescu'd captives wait thee to the skies :
 The tribute pay'd to thee, thou dost bestow
 In bounties to mankind and ev'n thy foe ;
 That God may dwell with mortals here below.
 Bless'd be the pow'r, whose goodness ev'ry day
 Does needful aid and benefits convey :
 The God on whom we for salvation wait ;
 And who commands the avenues of fate.
 He on their head his enemies shall wound ;
 Deep on their head with flowing tresses crown'd :
 Such is their doom, who on the guilty way
 Proceeding farther more from virtue stray.
 Thus spoke the Lord. My own selected train
 Again I guide from *Bajan's* fertile plain ; }
 Again from deep recesses of the main. }
 To purple o'er thy feet with hostile blood,
 While thy infatiate dogs shall lap the sanguine flood.
 My sov'reign Lord ! what majesty divine
 Attends thy regal progress to thy shrine :
 The venerable priests, a vocal choir,
 Precede, behind resounds the solemn lyre ;
 Fair virgins march amid the pious throng,
 And with the lively timbrel raise the song,
 To God, assembled tribes ! your praises sing,
 Sincerely flowing from the vital spring.
 There waits the rev'rend patriarch's youngest born,
 And chiefs with his diminish'd race adorn ;
 There *Juda*, destin'd to a nobler fate,
 In synod first, and first in princely state.

While Zebulon and *Nepthali* forsake
 The borders of their sea-resembling lake.
 O Author of our force ! by thy decree
 Confirm the work which was begun by thee.
 Led by thy fame, to *Solyma*'s high dome
 Suppliant shall tributary monarchs come.
 Break thou the spear, and prostrate on the ground
 The masters of the herd for strength renown'd ;
 Till each his pride, and all his rage resign,
 With wealthy presents from the silver mine :
 So scatter thou the bands, whose dire delight
 Is in the waste of rapine and of fight.
 Then princes shall attend from *Egypt*'s sands :
 To God shall *Ethiopia* lift her hands.
 With early zeal ye various nations join,
 And with united voice extol the pow'r divine.
 He on his glorious chariot rides on high,
 On the primæval empyrean sky :
 Hark ! how he speaks ; with formidable sound
 The dreadful echo thunders all around.
 Ascribe to him omnipotence alone
 Who has in *Israel* fix'd his awful throne :
 But gather'd clouds, his radiant state conceal,
 And over his tribunal cast a veil.
 How dreadful is the majesty divine !
 What terrors wait around his sacred shrine.
 'Tis *Israel's* God with glory and success
 Adorns his tribes : 'tis ours his name to bless.

PART OF PSALM LXXI.

GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wond'rous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years
 If God my strength depart?

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 To the surviving age,
 And leave a favour of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love!

Thy righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy deeds;
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.

Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
 And oft endur'd the grief:
 But when thy hand has prest me sore,
 Thy grace was my relief.

By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care;
 These withering limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M LXXII. By Mrs. R O W E.

Blest prince of righteousness and peace,
 The hope of all mankind!
 The poor, in thy unblemish'd reign,
 Shall free protection find.

Secure of just redress, to thee
 Th'oppress'd his cause shall bring ;
 While with the fruits of sacred peace
 The joyful fields shall spring.

Through endless years thy glorious name
 The righteous shall adore,
 When sun and moon have run their course,
 And measure time no more.

Thou shalt descend like the soft drops
 Of kind celestial dews ;
 Or as a show'r, whose gentle fall
 The joyful spring renews.

The just shall flourish in thy days,
 And sacred truth abound,
 While in the skies the changing moon
 Restores her nightly round.

Peace shall with balmy wings o'ershade
 Our favour'd walls around ;
 With grass the meads, with plenteous corn
 The mountains shall be crown'd.

A handful scatter'd on the earth,
 Shall rise a wond'rous crop ;
 The loaded stalks shall bend like trees
 On Lebanon's high top.

Thy glory no eclipse shall see,
 But shine divinely bright :
 While from his orb the radiant sun
 Darts undiminish'd light.

Converted nations, blest in thee,
 Shall magnify thy grace,
 Call thee their glorious ransomer,
 And hope of all their race.

With love and sacred rapture fir'd,
 Thy lofty name we'll sing :
 Thou only wond'rous things hast done,
 The everlasting king !

From all the corners of the earth
 Let grateful praise ascend :
 Let loud *Amens*, and joyful shouts,
 The starry convex rend.

On P S A L M LXXIII. By Mrs. R o w e.

Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c.

TH E calls of glory, beauty's smiles,
 And charms of harmony,
 Are all but dull, insipid things,
 Compar'd, my God, with thee.

Without

Without thy love I nothing crave,
 And nothing can enjoy ;
 The proffer'd world I should neglect,
 As an unenvied toy.

The sun, the num'rous stars, and all
 The wonders of the skies,
 If to be purchas'd with thy smiles,
 Thou know'st I would despise.

What were the earth, the sun, the stars,
 Or heav'n itself to me,
 (My life, my everlasting bliss !)
 If not secur'd of thee ?

Celestial bow'rs, seraphic songs,
 And fields of endless light,
 Wou'd all unentertaining prove,
 Without thy blissful sight.

P S A L M LXXIII. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

TI S certain God to *Israel* does approve,
 To hearts untainted, his indulgent love.
 But from his path my feet were near to slide,
 And my unsteady steps to turn aside :
 At impious men my breast with envy swell'd,
 When prosp'rous guilt in triumph I beheld.
 When I observ'd, from where it first begun,
 On to the last their thread so smoothly run :
 While inexhausted strength renews their prime,
 Firm and unconscious of the waste of time.
 Exempt from adverse chance, they never know
 That common fate which mortals undergo :
 That universal lot of human woe.

Yet favour'd thus, with insolence they deck
 As with an honorary chain their neck :
 For this are they, as with a mantle spread
 To wrap them round, with violence array'd.
 Inclos'd with swelling fat, their eye-balls start :
 Their wealth exceeds the wishes of the heart.
 To all around does their contagion reach ;
 They menace outrage, arrogant of speech :
 Their mouth opposes heav'n ; their censures go
 Through all the habitable world below.
 For this the vulgar courts them ; whence they drain,
 As from a plenteous bowl, no slender gain :
 And yet, can God discover this ! they cry ;
 Is he omniscient whom they style most high ?
 Behold the impious ! what the world confers
 In smooth success or wealthy store is theirs.
 Then I, alas ! have purg'd my heart in vain :
 And purify'd my hands from guilty stain.
 The live-long day with sorrow was I worn ;
 My anxious doubts awaken'd with the morn :
 Almost my sentence did with theirs agree ;
 Then to thy children I injust shou'd be.
 I labour'd long this science to attain ;
 But found my force unequal to the pain :
 Till I perplex'd the sanctuary sought,
 Where I at length their final doom was taught.
 How thou hast plac'd them, where, too apt to slide,
 They totter on the pinnacle of pride :
 And then from thence by thee are headlong thrown,
 And into depths of ruin tumble down.
 How in the momentary glance of thought,
 They to a dreadful fate at once are brought !
 Like visions, which before the sleeping eye
 Glide smoothly on, but with the slumbers fly,
 So thou, O Lord ! the phantom shalt disdain,
 When from repose thou shalt arise again.
 This conflict long disquieted my heart ;
 My very reins were thrill'd with piercing smart :

My sense, when I adventur'd to dispute
 The cause with thee, did not excell the brute.
 Yet by thy side for ever I remain ;
 And me thou dost by my right hand sustain :
 To guide me here thy council thou shalt give ;
 And after that to glory shalt receive.
 Whom but thyself have I in heav'n above ?
 Or who on earth with thee divides my love ?
 No ! though my wasted flesh should wear away,
 My heart with languid pulse forget to play,
 Yet God its lively vigour shall restore ;
 And be my heritage for evermore.
 Behold ! they perish all, from thee who rove,
 And to thy rivals yield their perjur'd love.
 'Tis best that I with near attendance wait,
 And trust in God : and then I shall relate
 His noble acts in *Sion's* lofty gate.

}

PART OF PSALM LXXIII.

SURE there's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain ;
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,
 And men of grace complain.

I saw the wicked rise,
 And felt my heart repine,
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
 In robes of honour shine.

[Pamper'd with wanton ease,
 Their flesh looks full and fair,
 Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
 And grows without their care.

Free from the plagues and pains
 That pious souls endure,
 Through all their life oppressions reign,
 And racks the humble poor.

Their impious thoughts blaspheme
 The everlasting God :
 Their malice blasts the good man's name,
 Anst spreads their lies abroad.

But I with flowing tears
 Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;
 " Is there a God that sees or hears
 " The things below the skies ?"]

The tumults of my thought
 Held me in hard suspence,
 Till to thy house my feet were brought
 To learn thy justice thence.

Thy word with light and pow'r
 Did my mistakes amend ;
 I view'd the sinners life before,
 But here I learnt their end.

On what a slippery steep
 The thoughtless wretches go ;
 And O that dreadful fiery deep
 That waits their fall below !

Lord, at thy feet I bow,
 My thoughts no more repine :
 I call my God my portion now,
 And all my powers are thine.

P S A L M LXXIV. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

WHY, Lord! so long from us dost thou retire?
 Against thy pasture sheep why glows thine ire?
 On thy assembly turn thy thought once more;
 Thy ancient right, by purchase thine of yore:
 Thy glebe redeem'd, and subject to thy rod;
 This hill of *Sion*, once thy lov'd abode.
 O! hither turn thy steps! O hither haste,
 Or to repair, or to revenge the waste:
 Where impious foes reduce thy holy fane
 To ruins, which for ever must remain.
 Within thy courts they raise a horrid cry:
 And fix their standards in the air to fly.
 To lift the polish'd ax, in former days,
 On stately cedars, was the workman's praise:
 But now at once descending axes sound,
 The weighty hammer's blunter strokes rebound,
 Till all the artifice that did adorn
 The gilded fretwork from the walls is torn.
 Nor so content, their sacrilegious hands
 Within thy shrine have toss'd the flaming brands;
 The mansion where abode thy name before
 Have they profan'd, and level'd with its floor.
 Their hearts inspir'd; let all to ruin turn:
 The synagogues through all the land they burn.
 No wonted omens now our prospect clear:
 Nor rises now the visionary seer;
 Nor one the dark events of future times to clear.
 O God! how long shall thus thy foe defame?
 Must he for ever thus revile thy name?
 Why does thy hand, as if contracted rest?
 Thy better hand? O! draw it from thy breast.
 For God my Sov'reign is from nature's birth:
 The author of salvation through the earth.

}

By potent might thou didst the sea divide ;
 And crush the heads of dragons in the tide :
 Thy strcke the vast *leviathan* confounds,
 And cleaves his many heads with mortal wounds ;
 The people who along the desert stray
 Upon the coast shall feast upon the prey.
 Express'd by thee, from rocky fissures glide
 The spring and streams ; while rapid floods are dry'd.
 Thine is the day, with golden lustre bright ;
 And thine the spangled purple of the night :
 The dawn which opens with a rosy gleam ;
 And the full glories of the solar beam.
 Thou didst the globe with various zones inclose :
 And mad'st the summer's heat, and winter's snows.
 Remember, Lord ! how thus thy foes exclaim :
 How stupid idiots dare revile thy name.
 Oh ! do not thou to cruel hands resign
 This harmless tim'rous turtle which is thine :
 Nor to profound oblivion doom the poor.
 Recall to mind thy covenant once more :
 For in the caves of earth remote from day,
 Relentless Murther watches for her prey.
 Arise, O Lord ! to vindicate thy cause ;
 Still must the libertine blasphem'e thy laws ?
 Neglect not then their clamour bold and loud ;
 Nor the rude tumult of the gath'ring croud.

P S A L M LXXVI.

IN *Judah* God of old was known ;
 His name in *Israel* great ;
 In *Salem* stood his holy throne,
 And *Zion* was his seat.

Among

Among the praises of his saints,
 His dwelling there he chose;
 There he receiv'd their just complaints,
 Against their haughty foes.

From *Zion* went his dreadful word,
 And broke the threat'ning spear;
 The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
 And crush'd th'*Affyrian* war.

What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
 But mighty hills of prey?
 The hill on which *Jehovah* dwells
 Is glorious more than they.

'Twas *Zion's* King that stopp'd the breath
 Of captains and their bands:
 The men of might slept fast in death,
 And never found their hands.

At thy rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,
 Both horse and chariot fell:
 Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
 Thy vengeance who can tell?

What pow'r can stand before thy sight
 When once thy wrath appears?
 When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
 The earth lies still and fears.

When God in his own sov'reign ways
 Comes down to save th'opprest,
 The wrath of man shall work his praise,
 And he'll restrain the rest.

[Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
 Ye princes fear his frown :
 His terrors shake the proudest king,
 And cuts an army down.

The thunder of his sharp rebuke
 Our haughty foes shall feel ;
 For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
 But dwells in Zion still.]

P S A L M LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd the night with fear.

Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
 My soul refus'd relief ;
 I thought on God the just and wise,
 But thoughts increas'd my grief.

Still I complain'd and still opprest,
 My heart began to break ;
 My God, thy wrath forbid my rest,
 And kept my eyes awake.

My overwhelming sorrows grew,
 "Till I could speak no more ;
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And call'd thy judgments o'er.

I call'd back years and ancient times
 When I beheld thy face;
 My spirit search'd for secret crimes
 That might withhold thy grace.

I call'd thy mercies to my mind
 Which I enjoy'd before;
 And will the Lord no more be kind?
 His face appear no more?

Will he for ever cast me off?
 His promise ever fail?
 Has he forgot his tender love?
 Shall anger still prevail?

But I forbid this hopeless thought,
 This dark, despairing frame,
 Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
 Thy hand is still the same.

I'll think again of all thy ways,
 And talk thy wonders o'er,
 Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
 When flesh could hope no more.

Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
 And men that love thy word
 Have in thy sanctuary known
 The counsels of the Lord.

“ How awful is thy chast'ning rod?
 “ (May thine own children say)
 “ The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
 “ How holy is his way!”

I'll meditate his works of old;
 The king that reigns above,
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
 And learn to trust his love.

Long did the house of *Joseph* lie
 With *Egypt's* yoke opprest;
 Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
 Nor gave his people rest.

The sons of good old *Jacob* seem'd
 Abandon'd to their foes;
 But his almighty arm redeem'd
 The nation that he chose.

Isra' his people and his sheep
 Must follow when he calls;
 He bid them venture through the deep,
 And made the waves their walls.

The waters saw thee, mighty God,
 The waters saw thee come;
 Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
 'To make thine armies room.

Strange was my journey through the sea,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
 Terrors attend the wond'rous way
 That brings thy mercies down.

[Thy voice with terror in the sound
 Through clouds and darkness broke;
 All heav'n in lightning shone around,
 And earth with wonder shook.

Thine

Thine arrows through the skies were hurl'd,
 How glorious is the Lord!
 Surprize and trembling seiz'd the world,
 And his own saints ador'd.

He gave them water from the rock ;
 And safe by *Moses'* hand
 Through a dry desert led his flock
 Home to the promis'd land.]

P S A L M LXXVIII. By Mrs. TOLLET.

YOUR ear, my people! to my dictates bend;
 And to my words your whole attention lend:
 My lips I will in parables unfeld,
 Involv'd in mystic sentences of old.
 What mighty deeds have we receiv'd from fame!
 And certain knowledge has confirm'd the same;
 Each to his son, as by his father taught
 Shall tell the wonders which the Lord has wrought:
 To future age shall send his praises down,
 And miracles perform'd by him alone.
 His covenant confirm'd with *Jacob* stands;
 To *Isra'l* thus he fix'd his high commands:
 This, with enjoin'd obedience to our sires,
 To teach their future children he requires;
 That unborn race, who wait the natal day,
 Shall this to a successive race convey,
 To trust in God, remember, and obey.
 And not with impious imitation trace
 Their ancestors, a false obdurate race,
 Refusing to direct their hearts aright;
 Nor would they to the Lord their souls unite.
 So *Ephraim*'s sons, though arm'd they bore the bow,
 Yet turn'd their backs, when they beheld their foe:

From

From God's disclaim'd alliance they withdraw ;
 Rejecting all obedience to his law ;
 His benefits forgot, and acts that prove,
 Ev'n to their conscious eyes, his boundless love ;
 The prodigies their fathers once beheld
 In *Egypt's* land, in *Zoan's* wond'ring field.
 He parts the sea, and leads them through the tide ;
 And heaps the billows high on higher side :
 A pillar'd cloud conducts them all the day ;
 By night the blaze of fire directs their way.
 He burst the rocks, in wilds which never knew
 The bubbling fountain, or refreshing dew ;
 To quench their thirst he bad the moisture flow,
 Plenteous as from the vast abyfs below :
 Forth from the rift the living streams distill ;
 As swelling floods their spacious channel fill.
 Yet still their crime proceeds ; they still conspire
 To tempt the highest to vindictive ire,
 Amid the solitude : For so suggests
 The diffidence of their ingrateful breasts.
 The deity they challenge, to supply
 The banquet for their wanton luxury.
 In open accents now the murmurs broke,
 And thus of God in bold defiance spoke.
 Can he amid the thirsty wild prepare
 The table charg'd with hospitable fare ?
 He smote the rock indeed, the waters flow
 From gaping clefts, obedient to the blow,
 And all around in limpid currents spread :
 But can he add the nourishment of bread ?
 Or with the food of solid flesh maintain
 The numbers of his faint exhausted train ?
 The Almighty herd, nor long delay'd his ire ;
 In *Jacob* soon burst forth the kindled fire ;
 At *Israel's* race his indignation rose ;
 Who scorn'd on him their credence to repose,
 Distrukti^l of the aid which he bestows.

} Tho'

Tho' he to gath'ring clouds command had giv'n,
 And open'd wide the azure gate of heav'n,
 To pour the food, whose memorable name,
 Unheard before, from their inquiry came.
 Ethereal heav'n produc'd the pearly grain,
 Such dainties as angelic boards sustin
 Were when indulg'd to man ; till hungar ceas'd
 Repress'd with plenty of the copious feast.
 He sent the rapid eait beneath the skies ;
 The softer south by his commission flies :
 Thick as the dust descends the living rain,
 Of feather'd fowl's ; or sands beside the main.
 These thro' the limit of their camp he strow'd,
 Around, and in the midst of their abode.
 They eat, their craving appetite they fill,
 For he indulg'd them to their utmost will ;
 Nor was their wish debarr'd : but while they press'd
 With eager teeth the yet unfinish'd feast,
 The wrath of God surpriz'd them all, and slew
 The wealthy chiefs of that intemp'rare crew :
 And all the choice of *Israel*'s sons o'erthrew.
 Yet they persist to sin ; nor to believe
 His signal prodigies attention give :
 For this their days in vanity he wears ;
 And unavailing labour wastes their years.
 Destroy'd by him, to seek him they return ;
 Their early diligence prevents the morn :
 Then God their strength they call to mind once more ;
 That the most high their freedom did restore.
 While they on him with fawning accents hung,
 False were their lips, and faithless was their tongue :
 Nor was their heart to him approv'd sincere !
 Nor did they to his covenant adhere.
 But him serene benevolence inspires ;
 Their guilt he pardons, nor their fate requires :
 How oft from them his indignation turn'd,
 And his diminish'd ire with slacker fury burn'd !

The frail condition of our earthly kind
 To him appears but as the passing wind
 That comes no more, nor leaves its track behind.
 Him in the wild how oft did they incense,
 And grieve his heav'nly mind with their offence?
 Retreating back they tempt the pow'r divine;
 And *Israel's* Holy One they dar'd confine.
 Forgetful of his hand; and of the day
 When from their foes he led them safe away:
 When *Ægypt* once his prodigies beheld;
 The wonders he perform'd in *Zoan's* field.
 He bad the river roll a purple stream:
 They pine for thirst, and loath the tasted gore.
 At his command the putrid air supplies
 The clust'ring legions of envenom'd flies,
 With stings infix'd to riot in their blood:
 With these, the noisy frogs, aquatic brood,
 Annoy'd their fainting sense. In vain appear
 The globous buds in promise of the year:
 Upon the ravag'd sweets the canker feeds;
 The locust to the lab'ring hand succeeds.
 In vain the curling vines are hung around
 With swelling gen's; for with a rattling sound
 The marble tempest bears them to the ground.
 Pinch'd by untimely winter scatter'd lye
 The juicy berries of a sanguine dye:
 The weighty hail upon their herds he threw;
 To blast their flocks the ruddy lightning flew,
 And hissing bolts with flaming sulphur blue.
 He pours upon them his revenge severe;
 Fury, and consternation, and despair:
 And to malignant angels gives command.
 To bear his terrors thro' the guilty land.
 He gave his anger way; nor deign'd to save
 Their sinking spirit from the gaping grave:
 Their cattle first the dire destruction find,
 By him to wasteful pestilence resign'd.

And

And now a deeper wound th' *Ægyptians* mourn,
 In mingl'd fun'rals of their eldest born :
 The choice of youth, and who in strength excell'd,
 Wherever *Ham's* detest'd offspring dwell'd.
 But, as the shepherd to the flow'ry meads,
 Conducts his flock, his people forth he leads :
 Secure and fearless they, their march he guides ;
 But whelms their foes beneath the rushing tides :
 On to the limits of his sacred land,
 This mountain pu·chasd by his own right hand :
 From thence the natives he before them drives :
 And by the line to them possestion gives,
 Proportion'd ; thus the tribes of *Israel* dwell'd
 In the r abodes whom he from thence expell'd.
 Yet to the trial the supreme they dare ;
 Nor think his institutes deserve their care.
 Now, turn'd to flight, they measure back their pace,
 And prove the faithless authors of their race :
 So bursts the bow, and to the archer's scope
 Deceitful, frustrates his eluded hope.
 Forbidden altars on the hills on high,
 And sculptur'd Gods provoke his jealousy.
 This when the Lord had heard, his anger grew
 To sternest hate of *Israel's* impious crew :
 The tent of *Shiloh* he abandon'd then ;
 The lov'd pavilion he had fix'd with men.
 Their strength he then resign'd to servile bands :
 His * glory to the bold invader's hands.
 The people, once his own, he doom'd to feel
 Th' insatiate fury of the deathful steel ;
 When on his own domain burst forth his ire :
 Their blooming youth in cruel flames expire ;
 In bridal song no more the virgin hears
 Her praises chaunted by her late compeers.
 Fall'n by the sword the holy priests lie slain :
 The widows fix'd in silent woe remain.

Then

* The ark,

"Then, as from quiet sleep, arose the Lord :
 As when some hero finds his strength restor'd
 By spirits which the gen'rous grape supplies,
 In echoing shouts his lofty voice he tries.
 Deep in their backs his enemies he wounds :
 And with eternal infamy confounds.
 He *Joseph's* tents refus'd ; nor him preferr'd,
 On whom the patriarch's blessing wilful err'd :
 But *Juda's* favour'd tribe, his choice approv'd ;
 And *Sion's* holy mountain, his belov'd.
 His temple there he rais'd, to emulate
 The lofty structures of imperial state :
 And laid the firm foundation deep below ;
 Strong as the earth, no change to undergo.
 His choice on *David* fix'd, he took the swain
 From flocks, and folds, and from the rural plain :
 From following mothers of the fleecy breed,
 The people of his heritage to feed.
 His faithful heart, sincerely he apply'd,
 For them the plenteous pasture to provide :
 And with experienc'd skill their ways to guide.

PSALM LXXIX. By Mrs. TOLLET.

BEHOLD ! O God ! behold the cruel train
 Of stern barbarians ravage thy domain :
 Behold thy shrine profan'd, and when on high
 The tow'rs of *Salem* glitter'd on the sky,
 A mighty waste, and pile of ruins lye.
 Thy servants lifeless carcases are giv'n
 To ev'ry greedy vulture of the heav'n :
 Thy holy saints without interment lay,
 And ev'ry beast of earth devour'd the prey.

As falling rains increase the swelling flood,
 So *Sion* floated with her children's blood :
 Nor dar'd a pitying friend upon the bier
 Compose the dead, or fun'ral rites confer.
 Stung with reproaches of our foes we mourn ;
 To bord'ring realms a mark of public scorn.
 Shall length of time, O Lord ! thy ire assuage ?
 Or shall for ever glow thy jealous rage
 Like wasteful flames, and unextinguish'd burn ?
 Thy kindled wrath on other objects turn :
 On nations ignorant of thee to fall ;
 And realms which never on thy name did call.
 For to their cruel rage is *Jacob* made
 A prey ; and his abode in ruins lay'd.
 But O ! remember not, from former times
 Our past offences ; but forgive our crimes :
 With soft compassion, e're it is too late,
 Behold, and raise us from our fall'n estate.
 O God of our salvation ! yet once more,
 For thy renown, our liberty restore : }
 And cleanse our guilt, as we thy name implore.
 With impious taunt why should the heathen cry
 Where ? where is now their boasted Deity ?
 May he, so known, conspicuous in their sight,
 Upon themselves his servants blood requite.
 O ! let the mournful sighs before thee come }
 Of captives, destin'd to receive their doom :
 And prove, by pow'r in their deliv'rance shewn,
 That life and death are in thy hand alone.
 But to our neighbours, seven times multiply'd }
 Into their bosom recompense their pride :
 Who thee with impious scoff have dar'd deride.
 So we thy people, of thy pasture we }
 The chosen sheep, shall render thanks to thee ;
 Nor ever cease : To thee we mean to pay
 The pious hymn, while ages roll away.

P S A L M LXXX. By Mr. B A R T O N.

O Shepherd, thou that dost provide
 For *Israel's* tribe and stock,
 And dost the seed of *Jacob* guide,
 And lead'st him like a flock ;
 Thou glorious God, that dwell'st between
 The cherubims on high.
 Give ear, and let thy light be seen
 To shine forth gloriously.

In *Ephraim's* and *Manasseh's* sight,
 And *Benjamin's* appear :
 In all our sight stir up thy might,
 To save us, Lord, draw near.
 Turn us, O God, to thee again,
 For we too long have swerv'd :
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And we shall be preserv'd.

Lord God of hosts, how long shall we
 Be left to this despair ?
 How long, Lord, wilt thou angry be
 At thy own people's prayer ?
 Thou giv'st thy people tears for bread,
 And tears likewise for drink :
 Their table thus is overspread,
 Their cup fill'd to the brink.

Thou mak'st us in our neighbour's eyes
 Mere subjects of debate :
 With laughter do our enemies
 Behold our sad estate.

Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
 And cause (as we have crav'd)
 Thy face to shine on *Israel's* coasts,
 And then we shall be sav'd.

A noble vine of *Israel*
 Thou didst from *Egypt* bring :
 The heathen folk thou didst expel,
 And plant it there to spring.
 Thou mad'st it room for *Israel's* sake,
 By thy Almighty hand :
 And caused'st it deep root to take,
 And lo it fill'd the land.

The hills and mountains all abroad
 Were covered with its shade :
 And like the cedar trees of God,
 Her branches were display'd.
 Her boughs extending far and wide,
 Unto the sea she sent :
 And to *Euphrates* river side
 Her other branches went.

Why hast thou then with great decay
 Broke down her hedges so,
 That all that pass along the way
 Do pluck her as they go ?
 And it is wasted by the boar
 That cometh from the wood :
 The wild beasts of the field great store,
 Devour it for their food.

Lord God of hosts, we beg of thee,
 Return again to thine :
 Look down from heaven, behold and see,
 And visit this thy vine.

The vineyard and the branches young,
 Which thy right hand hath set,
 And for thyself hast made so strong,
 Do not, O Lord, forget.

It's burnt with fire, it is cut down,
 And in a wasting case,
 At thy rebuke, Lord, at the frown
 Of thy displeased face.
 Uphold, Lord, in his high degree
 The man of thy right hand ;
 The son of man made strong by thee,
 And for thy cause to stand.

So will we not go back at all
 From thee, O Lord most high :
 Then quicken us, and we will call
 On thy name constantly.
 Lord God of hosts, our hearts incline,
 And turn us now again :
 And cause thy face on us to shine,
 And safe shall we remain.

P S A L M LXXXI. By Mr. SANDYS.

TO God our strength your voices raise :
 In sacred numbers sing his praise.
 The warbling lute, sweet viol bring,
 And solemn harp loud timbrels ring.
 The new moon seen, shrill trumpets sound ;
 Your sacred feasts with triumph crown'd.
 These rites our God established,
 When *Israel* he from *Egypt* led :
 Their necks with yokes of bondage wrung ;
 Inured to an unknown tongue.

Your

Your burdens I have cast away,
 Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay :
 Then sav'd, when in your fears you cry'd ;
 And from the thund'ring cloud reply'd.
 I try'd you ; heard your murmurings,
 At Meribah's admired springs.
 You sons of *Israel*, give ear ;
 I will instruct you, would you hear.
 Beware ; no foreign gods adore ;
 Nor their adulterate powers implore.

I thee alone brought from the land
 Of bondage, with a mighty hand.
 I know, and will supply thy need ;
 When naked, cloath ; when hungry, feed.
 Yet would not they my counsel brook ;
 But desperately their God forsook :
 Whom I unto their lusts resign'd,
 And errors of their wandr'ing mind.
 O that they had my voice obey'd,
 Nor from the paths of virtue stray'd !
 Then victory their brows had crown'd :
 Their slaughter'd foes had spread the ground :
 Then had I made their enemy
 Submit, and at their mercy lye :
 Themselves blest with eternal peace ;
 Enriched with the earth's increase :
 With flour of wheat, and honey fill'd,
 From breaches of the rock distill'd.

PSALM LXXXIV. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

O Lord, how beauteous are thy courts !
 Thither my longing soul resorts ;

Fainting to see that blest abode,
Wherein resides th'Almighty God.

The sparrow finds a place to rest ;
'The untun'd swallow builds her nest :
Within thy walls their young they breed,
And them before thy altar feed.

How blest are they who there may dwell,
'Thy wonders, and thy works to tell !
How blest are they, whose strength abides
In God ! for these he safely guides.

These in the thirsty vales are fill'd
With springs, or show'r's from clouds distill'd ;
Passing along from strength to strength,
Till they mount Sion reach at length.

The God of Jacob lends his ear,
The Lord of hosts my pray'r will hear.
Thou art my shield ; and, Lord, thy grace
Enlightens thy anointed's face.

One day which in thy courts I spend,
A thousand others does transcend.
Thy temple-gates I'll rather keep,
Than in the tents of princes sleep.

God like a shield gives strong defence
And as the sun, whose influence
Breeds all things for our good ; so he,
O God, is blest, who trusts in thee !

PART of PSALM LXXXVI.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none that hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne :
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

Lord, I would walk with holy feet ;
Teach me thy heavenly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVIII. By Mrs. TOLLET.

O God of my salvation ! all the day
To thee, and all the night to thee I pray :
Admit my cries before thee to appear ;
And to my supplication bend thine ear.
With woe my soul is fraught ; my fainting breath
Approaches nearly to the gates of death :

I seem like one who to the nether shade
 Descends ; in vigour and in force decay'd.
 Where all, whom death restores to liberty,
 Slain in the grave, and unremember'd lye;
 These from the living, by a fatal blow,
 Thy hand divides. And thou hast cast me low ;
 In deepest caverns underneath the ground,
 Obscure with night, and in the vast profound.
 Thy dread displeasure presses on my soul ;
 And o'er my head the raging tempests roll.
 My dearest friends, or who were such of late,
 Hast thou remov'd, or turn'd their love to hate ;
 Confin'd in dungeons, and oppress'd with chains,
 No hope of liberty to me remains.
 With pining grief my wasted eyes decay :
 To thee I spread my hands, to thee I pray ; }
 As each revolving sun renews the day.
 For wilt thou thy stupendous wonders shew
 To the pale nations of the dead below ?
 What pow'r of art, or miracle shall raise
 Their vanish'd being to recite thy praise ?
 Who in the tomb shall tell thy mercy's fame ?
 Or thy veracity in death proclaim ?
 Or shall eternal night thy marvels boast ?
 Or shew thy justice on the dismal coast }
 Where thought itself is in oblivion lost ?
 But thee have I implor'd ; with early cries,
 My pray'r attends thee, e'er the morn arise :
 O ! wherefore dost thou thus my soul repel ?
 And o'er thy presence cast a cloudy veil ?
 Thus have I languish'd from my tender years,
 And instant death before my eyes appears, }
 Press'd with thy wrath, and frantic with my fears.
 Thine indignation, and the conscious dread
 Of heav'nly vengeance, overwhelms my head ;
 Like rolling billows, and the rushing tide,
 They break above, and pour on ev'ry side :

In vain on kinsman, or on friend I call ;
For universal darkness hides them all.

PSALM LXXXIX. By SIR JOHN DENHAM.

FR OM age to age I will record
The truth and mercy of the Lord.
His faithfulness as firmly stands,
As heaven establish'd by his hands.

A cov'nant he with *David* made,
And to his chosen, swearing, said :
Thy offspring shall be blest, thy throne
Shall stand for ever, like my own.

Angels thy heavenly wonders shew,
Thy saints declare thy works below:
Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,
Then what can earth to thee compare ?

With reverence all his saints appear,
And round him stand with awful fear.
The Lord of Hosts with strength abounds,
And faithfulness his throne surrounds.

Thy breath with rage the sea does fill,
And at thy word the storms are still.
Thy voice, like death, has *Rabab* broke,
Thy foes lie scatter'd by thy stroke.

Thy bounty heaven and earth did found,
From whence with fulness they abound.
The North and South thy hand did frame,
Tabor and *Hermon* praise thy name.

Thy mighty arm in strength excells,
And valour in thy right-hand dwells.

Thy throne is fixt on judgment's base,
And mercy stands before thy face.
Thrice happy they, thy voice who hear,
And by thy law their courses steer !

Exalted in thy righteousness,
They to thy name their prayer address :
Their strength is by thy glory born,
Thy favour shall exalt their horn.

We safe in thy protection dwell,
Thou Holy One of *Israel*.
'Twas God, who in a vision said,
I on the mighty help have laid.

David thy servant first I chose,
His head my sacred oil o'erflows.
Firmly supported by my hand,
His strength shall conquer and command.

His enemy shall ne'er prevail ;
The sons of wickedness shall fail,
Cast down before his face : and all
Who hate him, by my plagues shall fall.

Mercy and faithfulness his ways
Shall point, my name his horn shall raise.
He o'er the sea shall stretch his hand,
And mighty rivers shall command.

Me for his father he shall own,
His saving rock ; for he's my son,
The first-born of my heavenly race :
Above all empires is his place.

With him my cov'nant shall stand fast,
 My mercy shall for ever last.
 His seed for ever shall endure,
 His throne as heaven itself secure.

But if his sons forsake my law,
 And their obedience shall withdraw ;
 If from my ways and rules they stray,
 And my commandments disobey ;

Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
 Their backs shall feel the stripes of God :
 Yet shall they not to ruin fall,
 My word I never will recall.

My cov'nant I will never break,
 Nor whatsoe'er my lips did speak.
 By my own holiness have I
 Once sworn, nor will to *David* lie.

The throne of his eternal line,
 For ever like the sun shall shine :
 Fixt like the moon in heaven, and there
 A faithful witness shall appear.

This was thy cov'nant seal'd to me ;
 When shall it, Lord, accomplish'd be ?
 Thou hast cast thine anointed down,
 Has broken and abas'd his crown.

Thy anger has laid waste his wall ;
 All his strong holds to ruin fall.
 The strangers on his rights incroach,
 And all his neighbours him reproach.

Thy hand upholds th'insulting foes,
 Who boast and triumph in his woes.

His blunted sword deceives his hand ;
The furious charge he cannot stand.

His glory's vanish'd, his renown
Is laid in dust, his throne cast down.
His vigorous youth and hopeful race
End, and confusion fills his face.

How long wilt thou from us retire,
And let thine anger burn like fire ?
Remember, Lord, how vain is man,
How few his hours, how short his span !

Short from his cradle to his grave,
For who from thence himself can save ?
How is thy tenderness decay'd ?
Where are thy vows to *David* made ?

For he's become the people's scorn,
With laughter and reproaches torn.

These scorns if thy Anointed bear,
They less his foes than thine appear.
But blest for ever be thy name,
And may all nations say Amen.

A PARAPHRASE on Part of PSALM XC.

NO sooner time his hasty flight began,
And the warm clod was moulded into man,
Than man commenc'd his God's peculiar care,
Fled to his arms, and smil'd serenely there :
And the same goodness and Almighty pow'r
Beam on the race, which beam'd on *one* before.

Before the skies their ambient arch display'd,
 Or the foundations of the world were laid,
 Jehovah fill'd his everlasting throne,
 In boundless bliss unrivall'd and alone ;
 And when the sun forgets to rule the day,
 And nature's rolling wheels shall cease to play,
 In undiminish'd pomp he shall remain,
 And vast eternity shall be his reign.

Lord, as our lives were kindled by thy breath,
 So at thy pleasure we resign to death,
 Quit all the gay distinctions once we wore,
 Sink to our dust, and rise to earth no more.

The tedious travel of a thousand years
 Before thine all-enfolding view appears
 Short as the transient hours of yester-light,
 Or the last watch that bolts the gates of night.

As rivers, swoln with fierce descending rains,
 O'ertop their banks, and rush into the plains,
 Bound, foam, and thunder with tempestuous force,
 And spread resistless ravage in their course,
 So from life's heedless walks with headlong sway
 Death's sudden torrent sweeps our lives away.

When sleep has hush'd the day's sad cares to rest,
 What vain illusions revel in our breast !
 Yet, big with truth, and weighty import, seem
 The air-dress'd phantoms of the shad'wy dream :
 Thus through our span gay scenes of bliss beguile,
 But vanity's the harvest of the toil.

As flow'rs, when morn's first splendors gild the skies,
 Charm in the dew-drops, and in verdure rise,
 So, while our race their youthful beauties wear,
 Vigour and joy on ev'ry brow appear ;

But, 'ere the sun withdraws his ev'ning ray,
They droop and wither in their last decay.

Urg'd by necessity, with painful feet
The broken rock, and gloomy vale we beat,
Meet the dark frown of an offended God,
And groan beneath the vengeance of his rod.
Our sins, that red with flagrant horrors rise,
Stretch to the lowest hell, and scale the skies,
Num'rous, as stars that strow th'aetherial plain,
Or sands that bound the billows of the main,
Stand all unfolded to Jehovah's sight,
Though wrapt from mortals in impervious night.

Admit it heav'n should check the stroke of fate
Till life protracted reach'd its utmost date,
Or to the vital glas's new sands should pour,
Till, seventy weeks past, we fill'd the score,
A weary pilgrimage we still must go,
And pant beneath a growing load of woe ;
Till nature, with her toils and griefs opprest,
Would sigh impatient for the hour of rest.

O dread Jehovah, who can ever know
The weight of vengeance in thine angry brow ?
Ev'n fear scarce images thy funds of ire,
And thought flies flower than thy darted fire.
Then teach me, Maker, the celestial skill
To measure life, and life's demands fulfill,
That death for me may take the Seraph's charms,
And I enraptur'd rush into his arms,
Shake off this cumb'rous clod, and wing my way
To a blest mansion in the realms of day.

P S A L M X C. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

THOU, Lord ! hast been our sure repose,
 Our sacred refuge from our foes ;
 Since aged time his course began,
 And through successive periods ran.
 Before the mountain's early birth,
 Before the structure of the earth,
 Before the universal ball
 Emerg'd from nothing at thy call,
 Thou, present Godhead ! dost survey
 An unbegun, an endless day.
 Mankind by thee resign'd to doom,
 Thy voice recalls them from the tomb :
 The series of a thousand years,
 To thee that narrow space appears,
 Which bounded last diurnal light :
 Or as an hour of watch by night :
 As rapid floods, which roll away
 To lose their water in the sea ;
 As visions of the flumb'ring eye,
 Which vanish when the flumbers fly :
 Or as the grass they shall consume ;
 The morning sees the verdure bloom,
 Which, e'er the stars of heav'n arise.
 Falls by the scythe, and fades and dries.
 Such is our frail uncertain age ;
 Sad victims of celestial rage !
 Thy indignation wastes our years
 In dire anxieties and fears.
 Our crimes to thy tribunal brought
 The secret act, and con'scious thought,
 Are open all to thy survey,
 Where thy bright presence gilds the day.

Our days in thy displeasure fail :
 Our years are ended like a tale.
 Sev'n decades does the annual sun
 To limit our duration run :
 Perhaps with firmer strength we gain
 One decad more of toil and pain ;
 But soon the rapid hours run on ;
 And the reserve of life is gone.
 O ! why presume we to enquire
 The force of thy tremendous ire ?
 Whose terrors we so deeply find,
 Impress'd upon the wounded mind.
 Nor let us calculate in vain
 Our years that pass, or what remain,
 But thence instruct us, to impart
 The care of wisdom to our heart.
 Return, O Lord ! but O how slow !
 And mitigate thy servants' woe.
 O ! satisfy our eager sense
 With undelay'd benevolence :
 That pious gratitude, and joy,
 May our successive days employ.
 An age of happiness bestow,
 To recompense our former woe.
 Let thy dread acts thy servants grace ;
 Thy glory bless our future race.
 On us thou majesty divine !
 Conspicuous in effulgence shine :
 And let our toils, in thee begun,
 By thy auspicious aid be done.

PART of PSALM XC.

LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
 And justice grows severe,
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts
 And burns beyond our fear.

Thine

'Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
 By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
 Their immortality.

Life, like a vain amusement flies,
 A fable or a song ;
 By swift degrees our nature dies,
 Nor can our joys be long.

'Tis but a few whose days amount
 To threescore years and ten ;
 And all beyond that short account
 Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

[Our vitals with laborious strife
 Bear up the crazy load,
 And drag those poor remains of life
 Along the tiresome road.]

Almighty God, reveal thy love,
 And not thy wrath alone ;
 O let our sweet experience prove
 The mercies of thy throne.

Our souls would learn the heavenly art
 T'improve the hours we have,
 That we may act the wiser part,
 And live beyond the grave.

Another Version of P S A L M XC.

LORD, what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame ?
 Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves the name !

Alas,

Alas, the brittle clay
 That built our body first !
 And every month and every day
 'Tis mouldring back to dust.

Our moments fly apace,
 Nor will our minutes stay :
 Just like a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

Well, if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight,
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight.

They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea :
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity.

P S A L M X C I . By Mrs. T O L L E T .

WH O in retirement of the highest dwells,
 Him with impervious shade th' Almighty veils : }
 Thee I invoke, my refuge ! my defence ! }
 Unshaken tow'r of firm omnipotence ! }
 On him my trust I place, whose guardian care }
 Is fix'd to free me from the fowler's snare ; }
 And dire contagion of the tainted air. }
 Thee, hov'ring o'er thy head, his plumes shall hide ;
 Secure shalt thou beneath his wings abide :
 His truth shall drive thy dangers all repell'd
 By the broad orb of her protecting shield.

Thy

Thy peaceful mind no terror shall affright,
 When the wan spectres glide along by night :
 Nor thee the formidable shafts which fly
 To carry fate through the diurnal sky.
 Nor thee the venom of the direful pest,
 Whose gloomy march ensanguin'd clouds invest :
 From realm to realm though swift destruction run,
 And crouds expire beneath the noon-tide sun.
 A thousand by thy side shall heap the plain,
 At thy right-hand shall fall ten thousand slain ;
 Thou, only thou, inviolate remain. }
 Yet shall thine eyes the heav'nly vengeance view :
 The retribution of the impious crew :
 For on the Lord thy constant hope rely'd,
 Within his rocky fortress to reside.
 Rest thou secure no adverse chance to meet :
 No wasteful plague shall reach thy happy seat.
 He, with distinguish'd charge expressly given,
 Consigns thee to the ministry of heav'n :
 With watchful diligence to tend thy ways ;
 Thee gently wafted in their arms to raise,
 Lest, prominent above the level ground,
 The pointed stone thy tender foot should wound.
 Beneath thy foot * the drowsy asp shall lye,
 And regal basilisc with baneful eye ;
 Bold shalt thou tread, beneath thy steps impress'd,
 The lion's brindled mane, and dragon's turgid crest.
 His faithful heart my heav'nly love respires,
 With holy ardor, and with pure desires :
 For this will I believe, and raise to fame,
 This pious vot'ry of my sacred name.
 Invok'd by him with supplicating cry,
 I clear his sorrows with a prompt reply :
 My presence in his dubious toils is known
 An aid confess'd ; the benefit I crown
 With sure deliv'rance, and with high renown. }
 To

* Super Aspidem et Basiliscum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem. Vers Vulg. V. B.

To nature's full demand shall he be blest
With long extended days and peaceful rest.

PART OF PSALM XCII.

SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found
Like *David's* harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
'Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

Fools never raise their thoughts so high :
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to chear my head.

Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor ever brake my peace again.

Then

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M X C I I I . By Mrs. T O L L E T .

THE Lord, a mighty monarch, reigns,
 In robes of state himself he drest :
 The zone of fortitude restrains
 The folds of his imperial vest.
 This penfile habitable world
 He balanc'd in the liquid space :
 Which by no force shall e'er be hurl'd
 From its determin'd destin'd place.
 Thy throne was founded e'er the earth
 Was made ; or rolling ages run :
 Anterior thou to nature's birth,
 Primæval essence, unbegun !
 Hark, Lord ! the swelling torrent roars ;
 The flood exhorts the boiling main :
 Old Ocean summons all the stores
 His ample magazines contain.
 What though the surges foam and roll,
 And with impetuous tumult rave ?
 The Lord resides above the pole,
 More dreadful than the raging wave.
 On thy decrees does truth await :
 And, Lord ! in thy eternal dome,
 So to adorn thy regal state,
 Fair piety has fix'd her home.

P S A L M X C I I I . By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

GOD cloth'd in his majestic robe,
His mighty scepter bears
Over the new created globe ;
And girt with strength appears.

His throne, than time it self's more old.
Aloud the ocean roars ;
Its billows to the skies are roll'd,
Yet God has fix'd its shores.

His voice exceeds the ocean's far,
When waves their rage proclaim :
Secure his testimonys are,
And holy is his name.

P A R T o f P S A L M X C I V .

WH O will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose ?

Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

Alas ! my sliding feet ! I cry'd,
Thy promise was my prop ;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy spirit bore me up.

While

While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bo'om roll,
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts chear my soul.

Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious laws ;
 But God my refuge rules the skies,
 He will defend my cause.

Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff ;
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M XCVI. Imitated.

TO God from whom immortal blessings spring,
 Let all the earth with sounds seraphick ring ;
 With heav'nly zeal and ardour praise his name,
 Throughout the world his saving grace proclaim ;
 To all the heathen nations wide around.
 The pow'r and greatness of our God resound,
 Through all the world with joyful songs declare,
 His wond'rous works how excellent they are.
 Enthron'd he sits above the starry skies,
 No numbers can to his perfections rise ;
 O ! great ador'd ! How can we have regard
 To other Gods when unto thee compar'd ?
 Dumb senseless stocks the heathens call upon,
 Creation's Lord we'll fall before thy throne,
 Exalt and praise thee still in wonder lost ;
 Since thou alone omnipotence can boast.
 O ! *Israel's* sons, within his temple bend,
 Whose bounteous hand, doth ev'ry blessing send,

There

There chant his praise ; and in harmonious songs,
 Ascribe the glory which to God belongs.
 Give honour due unto his holy name,
 And let your presents testify the same ;
 In beauteous holiness the Lord adore,
 On trembling pinions your petitions soar.
 The Lord is God let all the heathen know,
 The earth unmov'd his mighty pow'r doth shew ;
 He'll judge mankind by his eternal word,
 Guilt self-condemn'd shall meet its just reward.
 Let heav'n, let earth, the air, and raging seas,
 Proclaim our God within their just degrees ;
 And woods and smiling meads with verdure crown'd,
 And all creation echo to the sound.
 " For he in equity will judge the world,
 " Then from their seats the impious shall be hurl'd ;
 " His justice then aloft will hold the scale,
 " And truth triumphant ever shall prevail."

P S A L M C.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign king :
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
 Doth life and breath and being give :
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair ;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

P S A L M C. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

YE nations all whose various climates glow
 With sultry suns, or freeze with solid snow :
 The heav'n's eternal law your bounds divides,
 With range of mountains or resounding tides,
 Let pious joy your grateful bosoms raise ;
 And join in hymns of universal praise.
 Revere th' omnipotent, eternal king :
 Parent divine, of nature sacred spring.
 No heav'n-born race, nor self-existent we ;
 His word from nothing summon'd us to be ;
 His people we, his flock peculiar share
 The plenteous herbage, and the pastor's care.
 With humble joy and veneration wait
 To tread his courts, and to approach his gate :
 Adore the sacred name, from whose dispose
 An inexhausted stream of bounty flows.
 While ages roll his mercy shall remain ;
 No period limits his extended reign :
 His truth shall last, while with successive birth
 The race of mortals shall renew the earth.

P S A L M CII. By Mr. D A N I E L.

FROM the dark dungeon, from the lonely cell,
 Where pining woe and endless horror dwell :
 Vouchsafe, great God, these dying sighs to hear,
 Listen, oh listen to the captive's prayer ;

These ignominious chains my silence break,
 These galling fetters bid the mourner speak ;
 Let this my Ruthful look, this matted hair,
 Let these my hollow eyes express my care ;
 These eyes alas ! their constant stages keep,
 To lift their heavy lids to thee and weep.
 All relish of delight, all joy is past.
 My very food grows nauseous to my taste ;
 Wither'd like grass my sapless limbs are found,
 Whilst my dry ratling skin hangs loose around ;
 E'vn to myself a spectacle I grow,
 And my whole man's a skeleton of woe.
 Of hope bereft, what hand can give me ease ?
 What sound can charm me ? and what sight can
 please ?
 Then welcome chains, since liberty is fled,
 Welcome my fate, for hope itself is dead.

Thus pierc'd with grief, and wilder'd with despair,
 The pelican laments her tender care ;
 To every wind her sorrow is addrest,
 When some rude hand has robb'd her downy nest ;
 She tries the brake, she searches all the plain,
 Often she's heard to call, but calls in vain ;
 She hangs her wings, she hates the tedious day,
 And pensive mourns the live-long night away.

Ah ! see from whence our pregnant ruin grows,
 And hear the haughty language of our foes :
 " Is then the period of their bondage past,
 " And shall these *Hebrew* slaves return at last ?
 " Must then once more their boasted *Sion* rise,
 " And wave its impious banners in the skies ?
 " Have they forgot the memorable day
 " When all their shining stores became our prey ?
 " When ruin swept the coward and the brave,
 " No walls could shield them, and no hand could
 save ;

" In vain their feeble God they now implore,
 " Alas ! Egyptian plagues shall come no more,
 " Their wonder-working *Moses* now is gone ;
 " But——let the fools dream on, and be undone."

Hear this, great God, and let thy anger rise ;
 Why sleeps the awful thunder of the skies ?
 Is then thy wond'rous might so little known ?
 Shall it be said thy saving pow'r is gone ?
 Ah no ! my God, it was at thy command
 The prophet spake it, and his word will stand :
 Yes, we shall see our lovely *Sion* rise,
 And lift its glitt'ring turrets to the skies,
 What though in chains I draw my latest breath ;
 What though these streaming eyes should set in death.
 Thou, glorious being, shalt be still the same,
 And ages yet to come shall bless thy name.
 Though now despis'd in foreign lands we roam,
 Thy voice will call the wand'ring exiles home ;
 Jerusalem once more shall know her Lord,
 And thou shalt there be worship'd and ador'd.

Oh *Sion* ever lov'd, and ever dear,
 Great in thy ruins, in thy ashes fair !
 How shall I speak ? what language can express
 My quick, my tender sense of thy distress ?
 Not *Babylon* in all her pride shall be
 So fam'd for beauty, or belov'd like thee ;
 Not though she boasts her mighty triumphs past,
 Not though she reigns the mistress of the East,
 Should her vast walls to distant ages stand,
 To shew the greatness of the builder's hand,
 Though high in air her hanging gardens rise,
 And spread their wond'rous verdure in the skies ;
 Ev'n then thy ruins, nay thy stones shall be
 A lovelier, sweeter paradise to me.

Look down, great God, for ever good and just,
 Look down, and see thy *Sion* in the dust !
 On her lost state thy happy influence shed,
 Kindly forgive, and raise her drooping head :
 Converted millions will the deed approve,
 Whilst kneeling crouds shall wonder at thy love.
 Struck with the sight our heathen foes shall stand,
 And trembling, dread the thunder of thy hand ;
 Ev'n haughty *Babylon* shall vaunt no more,
 But quit her pride, grow humble, and adore :
 Our songs the wond'rous story shall record,
 And nations yet unborn confefs the Lord.

 O extasy of thought ! my lab'ring soul
 Exulting bids the lazy minutes roll :
 She longs, she pants to see the glorious day,
 When *Judah*'s happy sons shall lead the way ;
 Methinks I hear the happy *Judah*'s song,
 Whilst all the bright procession moves along ;
 I see them leave proud *Babylon* behind,
 I see them give their sorrows to the wind ;
 From tribe to tribe I hear the shouts arise
 When first their native land salutes their eyes ;
 Prostrate they fall, and rising they embrace,
 Whilst tears of joy run trickling down each face :
 Thy glorious name in ev'ry mouth is found,
 The God, the mighty God is heard around,
 Hills, rocks, and distant worlds return the grateful }
 found ! }

The crowding populace with pious care,
 Prepar'd by fasts, and sanctify'd by pray'r ;
 Begin the work, the ruin'd dome surround,
 Remove the pond'rous stones, and clear the ground ;
 With joyful shouts we see thy temple rise,
 Each growing turret strikes our wond'ring eyes ;

In ample glory she revives again,
 And casts a beamy splendour o'er the plain;
 'Thy priests, in white array'd, thy name invoke,
 With precious gums thy loaded altars smoke ;
 Remote nations to the feast repair,
 Unload their gifts, and pay their homage there.'

Rang'd on the mount the elders shall be found,
 With all the comely youth attending round ;
 Often they point to thy belov'd abode,
 Bid them look there and wonder at the God ;
 " A God for ever blest, and still the same,
 " Loving, and kind, J E H O V A H is his name ;
 " 'Twas he, my children, who your fetters broke,
 " He, he alone remov'd the galling yoke :
 " Tell it ye hills, repeat it all ye woods,
 " Tell it ye seas, proclaim it all ye floods :
 " Hail, hail the mighty work with loud acclaim,
 " And let our childrens children bless his name.

Ah whither does my wand'ring fancy run !
 When will the visionary muse have done ?
 My soul foretels these mighty things shall be,
 Though never, never to be seen by me.
 Should I be doom'd this stage of life to leave,
 And death's cold hand should stretch me in the grave,
 Yet still unchang'd thy purposes shall stand,
 And the great work be wrought at thy command ;
 Yet oh ! my God, the God of all my might,
 Give me to find this favour in thy sight !
 Snatch not, I beg, my flitting soul away,
 But give my eyes to see that glorious day !
 Though to weak minds it may unlikely be,
 Yet what can be too hard, great God, for thee ?
 Didst thou not poise in air this wond'rous ball,
 And out of nothing speak this beauteous all ?
 Didst thou not give the sun his quick'ning ray,
 To flame around, and bless the world with day ?

By thee the lovely lamps of heav'n arise,
 Shine through the gloom, and glitter in the skies.
 What though the race of man shall feel decay?
 And like their changing garments melt away;
 What though the flaming sun should lose its light,
 Shorn of its beams, and sink in endless night!
 Though the rack'd orb should in confusion lie,
 And all their fading glories wink, and die;
 Ev'n in the crush of worlds thy glorious name
 Shall still survive, eternal and the same:
 No time to thee can any change impart,
 For thou art all in all, and all in every part.

He hears, he issues from his bright abode,
 Rise *Israel*, rise, and hail the coming God;
 Safely conducted by his heav'nly hand,
 Go forth, and follow to the glorious land.
 Angels lean down to see the wond'rous day,
 Whilst flow'rs unbidden spring to strew the way;
 Peace spreads her balmy wings, no noise of arms
 Shall break your rest, or fright ye with alarms;
 Safe in your God your easy hours beguile,
 Whilst milk and honey make your pastures smile.
 No more your law, nor solemn rites shall cease;
 But *Sion's* worship be confirm'd in peace:
 Fix'd as the earth's foundation ye shall stand,
 Whilst willing worlds bow down, and own your dread command.

PART OF PSALM CIII.

MY soul, repeat his praise
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whole anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

God will not always chide ;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread.
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

His pow'r subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love
 Far as the East is from the West,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel :
 He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust,
 Scatter'd with ev'ry breath ;
 His anger like a rising wind
 Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grafts,
 Or like the morning flower :
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And childrens children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

The Lord, the sovereign king,
Hath fix'd his throne on high :
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their king,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

While all his wond'rous works
Through his vast kingdom shew
Their maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV. Imitated by Mr. BLACKLOCK.

ARISE, my soul ! on wings seraphick rise,
And praise th' Almighty Sov'reign of the skies ;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space
confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day ;
First, fairest offspring of th'omnific word !
Which, like a garment, cloath'd its sov'reign Lord.
On i quid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies ;

Diffus'd

Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids, impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot through the sky ;
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th'aërial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly ;
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As light'ning swift, resettlels as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bad its center rest for ever strong ;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.

At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his ways ;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe ;
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies :
But when in thunder the rebuke was given,
That shook th'eternal firmament of heav'n ;
The dread rebuke th'affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way ;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Climb the steep hill, and sweep the humble mead ;
And now reluctant in their bounds subside,
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage ; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales, the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horse unconscious of the rein,
 That revels boundless o'er the wide champaign,
 Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,
 To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
 Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide ;
 While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay :
 And while thy praise they symphonize around,
 Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
 Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
 Its tincture brightens, and its arch extends :
 At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
 Soften the hills, and clear the meads below :
 By genial fervor, and prolific rain,
 Swift vegetation cloaths the smiling plain :
 Nature profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
 And still is pregnant, though she still bestows !

Here verdant pastures far extended lie,
 And yield the grazing herd a rich supply !
 Luxuriant, waving in the wanton air,
 Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care !
 Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
 And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
 Erect and tall, here mountain cedars rise,
 Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies !
 Here the wing'd croud, that skim the yielding air,
 With artful toil their little domes prepare ; }
 Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the rising
 care ! }
 Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
 While timid conies scour the plains below,
 Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe ! }

He bade the silver majesty of night
 Revolve her circles, and increase her light :
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
 And taught the sun to regulate the year.
 At his command, wide-hov'ring o'er the plain,
 Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign :
 Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
 The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
 Howl through the spacious waste, and chase the }
 frighted prey.

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Taught from thy providence to ask his food :
 To thee, O Father ! to thy bounteous skies,
 He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes ;
 He roars, the deserts tremble wide around,
 And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
 And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn :
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
 Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
 Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
 Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest ;
 'Till grateful ev'ning, with her argent train,
 Bids labour cease, and ease the weary swain..

“ Hail, sov'reign goodness ! all-productive mind !
 “ On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find !
 “ How various all ! how variously indu'd !
 “ How great their number ! and each part how good !
 “ How perfect then must the great parent shine ! }
 “ Who, with one act of energy divine,
 “ Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design ! ” }

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
 Unbounded goodness rises to my view ,

Nor does our world alone its influence share,
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,
 Extends through all th'infinitude of space,
 And circles nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
 Thy power, thy wisdom, and thy goodness shew :
 Here multitudes of various beings stray,
 Croud the profound, or on the surface play.
 Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
 And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore ;
 Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
 For the mild charms of cultivated life ;
 Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
 And *India* joins in friendship with the pole.
 Here the huge potent of the scaly train
 Enormous fails incumbent o'er the main,
 An animated isle, and in his way,
 Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea :
 When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
 Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
 Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,
 The volley'd lightning, and the surging tide ;
 And, while the wrathful elements engage,
 Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
 All these thy watchful providence supplies,
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes ;
 For them thou op'nest thy exhaustless store,
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

But, if one moment thou thy face shouldst hide,
 Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd ;
 Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
 And vents her grief in universal cries :
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign ;
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
 And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
 Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head :
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
 And life rekindles at the genial ray :
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise !

When time shall in eternity be lost,
 And hoary nature languish into dust ;
 For ever young, thy glories shall remain,
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
 Thou, from the realms of everlasting day,
 View'st all thy works in one immense survey :
 Pleas'd, thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
 To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies.
 Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow,
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
 Distends my breast, and animates my frame ;
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne,
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn :
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
 And nature in full choir shall join around.
 When full of thee my soul excursive flies
 Through earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies ;
 From world to world, new wonders still I find,
 And all the Godhead flashes on my mind !
 When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its
 flight
 To the deep bosom of eternal night,
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay :
 Join ! men and angels ! join th'exalted lay..

PARAPHRASE upon PSALM CIV.

By Dr. TRAPP.

BEGIN, my lyre, the great creator's praise,
 Who, crown'd with glory and immortal rays,
 Majestic shines; unutterably bright,
 With dazzling robes of uncreated light:
 Who spacious sheets of *Aether* spreads on high,
 And, like a curtain smooth'd, unfolds the sky.
 Vapours condens'd, and fleecy mists, support
 The ample floor of his aerial court:
 Who, borne in triumph o'er the heavenly plains,
 Rides on the clouds, and holds a storm in reins;
 Flies on the wings of the sonorous wind,
 While lightning glares before, and thunder roars be-
 hind,
 That no incumbring flesh may clog the flight
 Of his fleet messengers, or quell their might:
 Them pure unbody'd essences he frames,
 Swift of dispatch, more active than the flames.
 He fix'd the steady basis of the earth,
 And with a fruitful word gave nature birth.
 Then circling waters o'er the globe he spread,
 And the dull mass with pregnant moisture fed:
 Above the rocks th' aspiring surges swell'd,
 And floods the tallest mountain-tops conceal'd.
 But when th' Almighty's voice rebuk'd the tide,
 And in loud thunder bid the waves subside;
 The ebbing deluge did its troops recall,
 Drew off its forces, and disloos'd the ball.
 They at th' Eternal's signal march'd away,
 To fill th' unfathom'd channel of the sea;
 Where, roaring, they in endless wars engage,
 And beat against those shores that bound their rage.

Hence

Hence straggling waters unperceiv'd get loose,
 And genial moisture through the globe diffuse ;
 Purling through porous earth, where way their lies,
 They run, and on high hills in fountains rise :
 Or bubbling out in springs, they gently slide
 Down by the craggy mountain's sloping side,
 And o'er the verdant turf along the valleys glide. }
 Till tir'd with various errors, back they come
 To their appointed universal home ;
 Which God has destin'd for the must'ring place
 And gen'ral rendezvous of all the wat'ry race.

For though th' Almighty checks the ocean's pride,
 And in due bounds confines the raging tide ;
 That it may ne'er again with licence roll
 O'er all the universe, and drown the ball :
 Yet nought restrains its kinder influence,
 Nor stops those blessings which its streams dispense.
 By subterraneous sluices he conveys
 The rivers out, which, in an endless maze,
 Through oozy channels draw a winding train,
 To roll back large additions to the main ;
 Or branching into brooks, and murmur'ring rills,
 Creep through the vales, and shine between the hills.
 Whither the savage beasts which roam abroad,
 Owning no master, and no fix'd abode ;
 And those which under galling harness bow,
 Inur'd to pains, and patient of the plough ;
 Repair, when scorch'd with summer's scalding beams,
 To slake their thirst, and drink the cooling streams.
 Near which the poplar, and green willows grow,
 Adorn the banks, and shade the brooks below.
 Perch'd on their boughs, the birds their voices raise,
 And in soft musick sing their maker's praise.

Who from his airy chambers rain distills,
 And with new verdure cloaths th'un sightly hills :

The thirsty glebe, refresh'd with softning drops,
 Rewards the painful hind with plenteous crops.
 The teeming earth luxuriant herbage breeds,
 And flocks and herds with grassy fodder feeds.
 At his command, the spring, for human use,
 The birth of herbs and healing plants renews.
 Then rip'ning fruits, and waving ears of corn,
 In summer's heat the fertile fields adorn.
 Succeeding autumn, from the clust'ring vine
 Gives luscious juice, and glads the world with wine :
 Which with its brisk reviving flavour cheers
 The drooping spirit, and dispels its cares.
 Then the fat olive, in a richer soil,
 Yields the year's product, and resigns its oil ;
 Which adds a lustre, and a smoother grace,
 To wrinkled skin, and sleeks the shining face.

With circulating sap the trees are fed;
 Refresh'd with which, the cedar rears its head,
 And lofty firs their thriving branches spread ;
 Which, moisten'd with invigorating juice,
 A fragrant scent through Lebanon diffuse.
 These to the birds convenient mansions yield,
 Which in th' intangling boughs their tow'ring houses
 build.
 The stately stork here plants her nest on high,
 Disdains the lower air, and seeks the sky.
 The shaggy goats a hilly refuge love,
 Clamber the cliffs, and o'er bleak mountains rove:
 O'er stony rocks the sportive conies play,
 And on the ragged flints their tender offspring lay.

Appointed by his providential care,
 The changing moon divides the circling year ;
 Distinguishes the seasons, rules the night,
 And fills her dusky orb with borrow'd light.
 The sun with glory, fearless of decay,
 Rolls regular, and gives alternate day.

By turns he, ent'ring, gilds the rosy East ;
 By turns, with setting rays, he paints the West :
 Then gloomy night involves the hemisphere,
 And spreads dark horrors o'er the dewy air.
 Then the wild tenants of the desert woods
 Begin to move, and quit their warm abodes :
 For prey the yawning bears forsake their holds,
 And prouling wolves explore th'unguarded folds.
 With raging hunger pinch'd, the Lions roar,
 Expand their jaws, and range the forest o'er :
 Dreadfully suppliant, for their meat they pray
 'To heav'n, and savage adoration pay.
 But soon as streaks of light the East adorn,
 And flying mists confess the dawning morn ;
 Back to their dens the rav'rous hunters speed
 With their raw booty, and at leisure feed.
 But when the lion to his rest repairs,
 Laborious mortals wake, and rise from theirs ;
 To care and bus'ness they themselves address,
 Begin with morning, and with ev'ning cease.

How various, Lord, are all thy works, which raise

Our admiration, and transcend our praise !
 Wisely the world's great fabrick was design'd,
 And boundless wisdom ev'ry atom join'd.
 With thy rich bounty fill'd, the earth appears,
 Which food, and physick, on its surface bears ;
 And in its bowels hides a wealthier store ;
 Bright veins of gold, and cakes of silver ore.

Profuse of blessings, with a lavish hand,
 Thou pour'st thy gifts on sea as well as land.
 The vast unmeasur'd kingdoms of the main,
 Copious materials for thy praise contain.
 There scaly monsters of enormous size
 Flounce in the ways, and dash with foam the skies.

While

While shoals innumerable, and the fry
 Of smaller fish, glide unregarded by.
 Others, enchas'd in shelly armour creep
 Upon the rocks, or seek the slimy deep.
 Here big with war, or traffick, vessels ride,
 Driv'n by the winds, and bound along the tide.
 There huge *Lewiathan* of cumb'rous form,
 Embroils the sea in sport, and breathes a storm :
 He sucks the briny ocean at his gills,
 And his vast maw with finny nations fills ;
 Then laves the clouds with salt, ascending rain,
 And with his spouting trunk refuds the main.

These all dependent on his bounty live,
 And from his providence their meat receive.
 His open'd hand profusely scatters food,
 Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with good.
 But when his hand is shut, the creatures mourn,
 Till his withdrawn beneficence return.
 When his command puts out their vital flame,
 They moulder to the dust, from whence they came ;
 Then to repair the loss sustain'd by death,
 He gives new life, with his inspiring breath,
 To forms, which from the vast material mass
 Are still wrought off, and so renews the race.
 Thus a successive offspring he supplies,
 And th'undecaying species never dies..

No bounds th'Eternal's glory can restrain,
 Nor time's dimensions terminate his reign.
 From his bright regions of celestial day,
 He with complacence shall his works survey.
 At his reproof convulsive nature shakes,
 And shuddring earth from its foundation quakes :
 His awful touch the quiv'ring mountains rends,
 And curling smoke in spiry clouds ascends.
 For me, while unextinguish'd life maintains
 Heat in my blood, and pulses in my veins,

His wond'rous works shall animate my song,
 Exalt my thoughts, and dwell upon my tongue.
 While on rebellious foes his vengeance hurl'd,
 Confounds their pride, and sweeps them from the
 world ;
 His glory shall my ravish'd soul inspire,
 And to the gay creation tune my lyre ;
 That imitates, in various-sounding lays,
 Th'harmonious discord which it strives to praise.

P S A L M C V. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

O Celebrate the Lord ! invoke his name ;
 His mighty deeds to heathen realms proclaim ;
 From him derive the hymn, the solemn song ;
 Of his stupendous acts your speech prolong.
 Then triumph in his name, for ever blest :
 Who seek the Lord, let joy inspire their breast.
 The Lord and his omnipotence explore :
 Require his sacred presence evermore.
 Preserve in memory his wond'rous deed,
 His signs, and judgment by his mouth decreed.
 O ye of *Abraham* his servant's race ;
 Ye who from his elected *Jacob* trace
 Your favour'd line ! the Lord our God is he ;
 And all the world submits to his decree.
 His covenant he still in mind retains ;
 His promise, which immutable remains,
 While thousand ages roll : which he of yore
 To *Abraham* engag'd, to *Isaac* swore ;
 The same he gave to *Jacob* in command,
 The league with *Israel* ever fix'd to stand.
 This land, he said, of *Canaan* shall be thine ;
 This your paternal portion I assign.

Though

Though yet but few in number they were found ;
A slender train, and then on foreign ground :
For then they wander'd through the bord'ring states,
In various exiles, led by various fates.
He suffer'd none to injure them ; but mov'd
In their defence, ev'n monarchs he reprov'd.
Nor my anointed touch ; nor violate
Whom I have sent, the messengers of fate.
He calls ; obsequious to the stern command,
Commission'd famine desolates the land.
No longer the support of corny grain,
Destroy'd by him, does human life maintain :
He sends his harbinger before, the youth
Adorn'd with beauty, chastity and truth :
To base unworthy slavery betray'd,
With fetters gall'd, in chains of iron laid,
Which pierc'd his soul ; till the celestial word,
In destin'd hour, his innocence explor'd.
Then sent the king, who there the sceptre bore,
To break his chains, and freedom to restore :
Exalted him his regal pow'r to share ;
And trusted all his treasures to his care.
Permitted him his princes to restrain,
And wisdom to his senate to explain.
To *Egypt* then the rev'rend *Israel* came ;
And *Jacob* sojourn'd in the land of *Ham*.
To numbers there he caus'd their tribes to grow ;
And gave them force superior to their foe :
For this dire envy animates their breast,
With faithless wiles his servants to molest.
His servant *Moses* then, with *Aaron* join'd,
His sacred choice ambassadors design'd :
Disclos'd in public view his signals stand
By these ; his prodigies in *Ammon's* land.
Night he commanded from the nether shade ;
And all the wide horizon night array'd :
Nor then his oracles they disobey'd.

Their

Their worshipp'd stream he turns to putrid blood :
 While dying roll upon the goary flood,
 Their * monster-gods, and terrors of the *Nile*,
 The † river-horse and sealy crocodile.
 Then to the frogs he gave a wond'rous birth ;
 An upstart offspring of the teeming earth :
 These through their palaces in numbers spread,
 And lodge themselves upon the royal bed.
 He spake ; and instant as the word-repair
 Black swarms of flies to darken all the air :
 Through all the region he the insects brings
 To wound their bodies with envenom'd stings.
 In place of rain he gives them pond'rous hail ;
 While on the ground the fiery meteors trail.
 In vain the vines their swelling gems produce,
 And rip'ning figs digest their cruder juice :
 He blasts them all ; and spreads the country round
 With levell'd woods, all shatter'd on the ground.
 He calls ; the locusts, and a countleſs band
 Of wasteful cankers, posting o'er the land,
 To pillage destin'd its increase invade :
 Devour the tender plant, and springing blade.
 Wounded by him, through all their confines dy'd
 The blooming youth, their parents' eldest pride.
 His own he forth conducts, enrich'd with store
 Of silver vases, and of golden ore :
 Not one in all their kindred could they find
 Whose feeble force with sickness was declin'd.
 Th'*Egyptians* now with joy their march beheld :
 So had their fear their avarice expell'd.
 Above a cloudy canopy he spread :
 And pointed flames their nightly journey led.
 He to their wish the tasteful quail accords ;
 And with the bread of heav'n supplies their boards ;
 He cleaves the rock ; the copious streams diffuse
 O'er the parch'd sands, as ample rivers use.

For

For he what sacred ties his promise bind,
 And Abraham his servant calls to mind.
 With joy his rescu'd people forth he guides ;
 With triumph his elect : and he divides
 To them of heathen realms the conquer'd soil ;
 A rich inheritance in other's toil.
 Yet limited, that with religious awe
 They keep his statutes, and observe his law.

P S A L M C V I. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

I N halleluias all your voices join ;
 With grateful praise confess the Lord benign :
 No period e'er shall his indulgence bound,
 While ages measure their eternal round.
 His mighty deeds what mortal can relate ?
 His equal praises who shall celebrate ?
 How happy they who justice still attend,
 And all their hours in acts of virtue spend !
 Remember me, O-Lord ! that I may find
 What favour for thy people is design'd :
 With salutary presence visit me ;
 That I the bliss of thy elect may see,
 Partake the joys of thy peculiar train,
 And share the triumphs of thine own domain.
 We to our ancestors in guilt succeed :
 In perpetrated crimes, and impious deed.
 Our sires beheld, with inattentive thought,
 Thy iterated signs in *Egypt* wrought ;
 Nor treasur'd in their recollect'd sense
 The boundless stores of thy benevolence ;
 But where the sea, the Erythræan flows,
 Against thee there in bold rebellion rose.

Yet

Yet them he sav'd, to vindicate his name :
 And his omnipotence confirm'd to fame.
 Reprov'd by him, the sea forgets to flow ;
 And bare appears the solid soil below ;
 By him conducted, through the deep they pass'd,
 As through the regions of the sandy waste.
 He then redeem'd them from the tyrant's hand ;
 And sav'd them from their enemy's command :
 While all their foes beneath the gulphy wave
 Lye whelm'd ; not one escapes the wat'ry grave.
 His oracles did then their credence gain :
 His praise they sung in an alternate strain.
 But soon to dark oblivion they resign'd
 His acts ; nor to his council bend their mind.
 As through the dreary solitude they go,
 To mad excess their wanton wishes grow ;
 And with their insolent demands they try,
 Amid the wild, to brave the Deity :
 He grants the boon ; but thus the grant contrrolls,
 That meager atrophy should waste their souls,
 Yet in the camp again, with envy fir'd,
 Against their patient leader they conspir'd ;
 And *Aaron*, venerable by the sign
 Of consecration to the pow'r divine.
 The gaping earth, down to the center cleaves,
 And rebel *Dathan* to the shades receives :
 Then, closing o'er their heads, its bars restrain
 His guilty brother, and seditious train.
 The sudden flame amid their crew aspires :
 'The impious perish in devouring fires.
 At *Horeb*'s foot an imag'd calf they made :
 And to the molden gold their adoration paid.
 Thus their inverted glory they deface ;
 And with the semblance of an ox disgrace :
 An animal, who knows no higher good
 Than ruminating on his grassy food.
 Their Saviour, God, they banish'd from their thought,
 And all his mighty deeds in *Egypt* wrought ;

Stupendous prodigies in *Ammon's* land ;
 And signs terrific on the *Red-Sea* strand.
 Then he pronounc'd, that he decreed to fall
 The universal ruin on them all :
 But *Moses*, his elect, the breach maintains
 And from the rest the issuing wrath detains ;
 That wrath celestial, which prepar'd to fall,
 With universal ruin menac'd all.
 Yet ev'n that happy region they disdain'd ;
 Nor now his promise their belief obtain'd :
 They spread the murmurs of their discontent,
 In mutual confidence from tent to tent ;
 Too obstinate attention to afford
 To monitory dictates of the Lord.
 He rais'd against them his obtesting hand,
 To whelm them in the solitary land :
 To drive their progeny dispers'd and hurl'd
 Through barb'rous nations, and the distant world.
 To *Phegor* next they join'd themselves ; and fed
 On the polluted victims of the dead :
 Their wild inventions his revenge inflame ;
 And on them swift the dire destruction came.
 Then *Phineas* rose, and by atonement made
 With guilty blood, the spreading mischief stay'd :
 This act imputed righteousness shall crown,
 From age to age recording his renown.
 His dreadful anger yet again they try'd ;
 There where the waters of contention glide :
 Then *Moses* found, by sad experience taught,
 The prince to suffer for the people's fault ;
 For him so far their murmurs did provoke,
 That from his lips unguarded passion broke,
 Yet did they not destroy the gentile train,
 So did the mandate of the Lord ordain :
 Accurs'd alliance soon their blood unites ;
 And leads to imitate forbidden rites.
 The imag'd Gods their servile homage share :
 Which often prov'd their detriment and snare.

Unhappy victims ! at the dæmon's call,
 Their blooming youth, and fairest virgins fall ;
 All smear'd with filial gore the parents stand
 Of innocents, who by the dire command
 Of Canaan's idols purple all the land.

They, with the tincture of their deeds embrew'd,
 Their fictions with adult'rous love pursu'd.
 Against his people this incens'd the Lord ;
 Who now his own inheritance abhor'd.
 He then resign'd them to the cruel hand
 Of heathen nations ; to the hard command
 Of hostile lords : to their oppressive foe,
 Beneath the yoke of servitude they bow.

He oft reliev'd them ; they as many times
 Provok'd him, and were humbled for their crimes :
 He yet regards their sorrows ; nor denies
 A gentle audience to their suppliant cries.
 His covenant again recall'd to mind,
 He, in his num'rous mercies, grows more kind :
 The victors to compassion he inclin'd.

Preserve us, Lord ! our God whom we adore !
 From foreign lands our scatter'd race restore :
 Again assembled to thy sacred name
 Our thanks to pay ; and triumph in thy fame.
 Blest be the Lord whom *Israel's* sons adore,
 From age to age, till time shall be no more !
 Let full assent resound from all the throng ;
 And with your alleluias end the song.

PART of PSALM CXI.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my Almighty God ;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hand has wrought !
 How glorious in our sight !
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame !
 How wise th' eternal mind !
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.

When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure :
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?

To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
 Is our divinest skill ;
 And he's the wisest of our race
 That best obeys thy will.

P S A L M C X I I . By Sir J O H N D E N H A M .

THAT man is blest who fears the Lord,
 And with delight obeys his word.
 His seed on earth shall be increas'd
 In might, his generation blest.

His house with riches shall abound,
 With righteousness for ever crown'd.

Through

Through darkness he shall see the light,
Because his ways are just and right.

He with compassion gives and lends,
Discretion all his works attends.
His house and race shall ever last,
So fixt they ne'er shall be displac'd.

No evil tidings make him start,
For he on God has fixt his heart :
Nor shall he from his foes retire,
But have on them his own desire.

Dispersing to the poor he gives,
His righteousness for ever lives ;
Honour his horn shall highly raise.
On him with grief the wicked gaze :
Gnashing their teeth they shall expire,
And perish in their own desire.

PSALM CXII.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
A generous pity fills his mind :
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd :

The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;

His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;

And sees in darkness beams of hope.

[Ill tidings never can surprize
His heart, that fix'd on God relies,
Though waves and tempests roar around :
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,

To find their expectations crost ;
They and their envy, pride and spight,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

P S A L M CXIII.

YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless :

Where-

Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds ;
The heavens are far below his height :
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things ;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name ;
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys :
Let every age advance his fame.

P S A L M CXIV. Verified.

WHEN *Israel*, feed from *Pharaoh*'s hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land ;
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their king, and *Judah* was his throne.

Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way ;

The streams of *Jordan* saw, and fled,
With backward current to their head.

The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

What pow'r could make the deep divide ?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide ?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
And whence the fr'ght that *Sinai* feels ?

Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire, and know th'approaching God ;
'The king of *Israel* ! : See him here ;
'Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
The rocks to standing pools he turns ;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PART of PSALM CXV.

NO T to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful name ;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, " Where's the God you've serv'd so long ?"
The

The God we serve maintains his throne
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
 Through all the earth his will is done,
 He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

But the vain idols they adore
 Are senseless shapes of stone and wood ;
 At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
 A silver saint, or golden god.

[With eyes and ears, they carve their head ;
 Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;
 In vain are costly offerings made,
 And vows are scatter'd in the wind.]

Their feet were never made to move,
 Nor hands to save when mortals pray ;
 Mortals that pay them fear or love,
 Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
 Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
 The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
 And bless the people and the priest.

The dead no more can speak thy praise,
 They dwell in silence and the grave ;
 But we shall live to sing thy grace,
 And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

P A R T o f P S A L M C X V I .

I Love the Lord : he heard my cries,
 And pity'd every groan ;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear,
 And chas'd my griefs away :
O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray !

My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead,
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.

" My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
 " Thou ever good and just ;
 " Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 " Thy power is all my trust."

The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
 He bid my pains remove :
 Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears :
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

P S A L M C X V I I .

TH Y name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands :
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word :
Thy truth for ever stands.

Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M C X V I I I . By Dr. WOODFORD.

TO God's Almighty name sing praise,
And you, who know how good he is,
Resign to him, what's truly his,
And arches of his own great mercies raise !
For like his word they have been sure,
And to eternity endure !

Ijra'l, the great Jehovah's choice,
Who all his fearful works have seen,
Who his great care have always been,
Let *Ij'r'el* now confess with thankful voice,
His mercies have been ever sure,
And to eternity endure !

Let those, who by their place attend,
 And at his altar daily wait,
 Their own experiences relate,
 Sing as they see the sacred flame ascend,
 His mercies have been ever sure,
 And to eternity endure.

And to advance the blessed king,
 Let all the righteous with them join,
 And in a service thus divine,
 Bear their part too, and in the chorus sing,
 His mercies have been ever sure,
 And to eternity endure !

To God on high for help I cry'd,
 Who from his temple answer'd me,
 Both heard my pray'rs and set me free,
 The Lord of hosts himself was on my side ;
 I will not fear what man can do,
 Since I've a God to flee unto.

With those, who help'd me, he was seen,
 His presence brought my greatest aid,
 Nothing shall make me now afraid,
 He'll be my sword, who has my buckler been :
 And when my foes shall be o'erthrown,
 I'll boast of what his hand has done.

Those, who their care on God do cast,
 And know no other will but his,
 Of sure recruits shall never miss,
 But as a rock, i'th'midst of storms, stand fast ;
 On God 'tis more secure to trust,
 Than man, who must return to dust.

He never yet did any fail,
 Most sure, when most rely'd upon ;
 And though his pow'r subscribes to none,
 He lets weak prayers o'er heaven, and him prevail,
 On God 'tis more secure to trust,
 Than princes, who must turn to dust.

Let barb'rous nations girt me round,
 And for my ruin all engage,
 My trust is plac'd above their rage,
 And stands unshaken on the higher ground ;
 For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
 And in his name destroy them all.

Round let them compass me, and round,
 And for my ruin all engage,
 My trust is plac'd above their rage,
 And stands unshaken, on the higher ground ;
 For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
 And in his name destroy them all.

Let them like bees about me swarm,
 And all to be my death engage,
 Like fire in thornes or stubble rage,
 My head shall be defended by this charm,
 For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,
 And in his name destroy them all.

The bloody man thrust at me hard,
 And hop'd at length to see me fall,
 But when I on the Lord did call,
 That sword brought death to him, which me had
 spar'd :
 God, who's my strength, shall be my song,
 And whom I call'd, I'll rest upon.

The voice of triumph, and of praise,
 The just man's mouth does ever fill,
 His voice is like his trumpet shrill,
 When up to heav'n thy vict'ries he does raise :
 'Twas thou the conquest didst obtain,
 And thy right-hand the day did gain.

The Lord's right-hand did mighty things,
 No pow'r before his pow'r could stand ;
 For when he made bare his right hand,
 Armies before him fled, and potent kings ;
 'Twas that the conquest did obtain,
 And his right-hand the day did gain.

Empty thy quiver, death, elsewhere,
 Begone, and pierce some softer heart,
 For I defy thy sharpest dart,
 Am both above thy malice, and thy fear !
 I know I shall not die, but live,
 And praise him, who my life did give.

Low as the dust I was brought down,
 To the dark suburbs of the grave,
 But he was pleas'd my life to save,
 And what he up had rais'd, my head did crown :
 Open the gates of righteousness,
 For, lo, I am return'd in peace !

Blest gates of the divine abode,
 Which to the holy place let in,
 Where all the just their off'rings bring,
 And hast into the presence of their God :
 There, Lord, I'll praises sing to thee,
 For thou hast bow'd thine ear to me.

The stone the builders did refuse,
 Had often try'd, oft thrown away,
 Is now the mighty fabricks stay,
 God chose it for the noblest place, and use ;
 This is his doing, and when thus
 God builds, his work is marvellous.

This is the day, which he has made,
Hosannas now befit our voice ;
 Come, let us in our God rejoice,
 And in the day which he has made, be glad !
 That he prosperity may send,
 And to our troubles put an end.

Sacred ambassador of God,
 Who hither in his name dost come,
 We in his temple make thee room,
 And bless our king from his divine abode !
 He is our Saviour, come away !
 The victims at the altar stay.

Bind them with cords, and tie them fast,
 To th'altar's horns, and make them bleed,
 Then let the flame upon them feed,
 And in thick clouds to heav'n ascend at last !
 My God I will sing praise to thee,
 Who art my God, and song shalt be.

To God's Almighty name sing praise,
 And you, who know how good he is,
 Resign to him, what's truly his,
 And arches of his own great mercies raise !
 For like his word they have been sure,
 And to eternity endure !

H Y M N from P S A L M C X I X . Verse 54.

By Mrs. T O L L E T .

*Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of
my pilgrimage.*

WHILE on the melancholy way,
 That journey of a winter's day,
 Of human life, I pass along,
 Wherever, as my wand'ring guest,
 I bend my weary head to rest,
 Thy laws, O Lord ! have been my song.
 Though all the horrid shapes of fear,
 Of danger and of death are near,
 Yet I perceive thee at my side :
 Though shades of genuine night profound
 Enwrap my wretched head around,
 Thy hand alone shall be my guide.
 Though here the snares of faithless foes,
 There torrents of involving woes,
 And there extend the jaws of hell :
 Though tempests gather in the sky,
 And wing'd with fate though arrows fly, .
 Thy presence shall my tears expel.
 Though from the dreadful storm to fly,
 No cave, nor hermitage is nigh ;
 Where I in safety may retire :
 Yet, while I wander through the gloom
 Of all my pilgrimage to come,
 Thy statutes shall my voice inspire.

My weary steps for ever tend
Uncertain, to a certain end ;

The space is short, the toil is long :
And, though my voice is faint and weak,
Yet shall my soul in silence speak
Of thee; the subject of my song.

P A R T of P S A L M C X I X .

HO W shall the young secure their hearts,,
And guard their lives from sin ;
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

"Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road :
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

[The starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these thy servants night and day
 Thy skill and power express.

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine :
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Not stars so nobly shine.]

Thy word is everlasting truth,
 How pure is every page !
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

A PARAPHRASE on Part of PSALM CXIX.

GREAT God of consolation ! see
 What bitter cares my soul possess ;
 In gracious pity set me free,
 And ev'ry rising grief suppress.

My soul for thy salvation faints ;
 A dim suffusion veils my eyes :
 When wilt thou answer my complaints,
 Absolve my guilt, and bid me rise ?

Yet, let me not repining stand,
 Thy purpose sanctifies thy rod ;
 The gentle scourges of thy hand,
 Will bring me nearer to my God.

This proves my comfort in distress,
 When joy declines and friendship low'rs,
 The pleasures of thy word increase,
 And quicken all my mental pow'rs.

What less could mitigate my grief,
 Internal hope or joy supply ?
 Depriv'd of that divine relief,
 Hope disappears and comforts die.

Thy dispensations I revere,
 And ev'ry anxious thought compose ;
 Assur'd the discipline I bear,
 From thy paternal goodness flows.

'Ere I had known affliction's school,
 My treach'rous feet were led astray ;
 But there I've learnt a sacred rule—
 Thy word's a clue to guide my way.

P S A L M CXX.

IN past distress my God was near,
 And answer'd my request ;
 He then vouchsaf'd to sooth my care,
 And set my soul at rest.

Hear and redress my present wrongs
 Thou sov'reign prince of fate !
 Withdraw me from opprobrious tongues,
 And lips that breathe deceit.

Will nothing less restrain your spleen,
 Ye fiery sons of rage?
 Let bearded arrows, hot and keen,
 Your insolence engage.

Alas! my golden hours of life
 Litigious tongues destroy:—
 Unhappy lot where clam'rous strife,
 Drowns ev'ry silent joy!

Long have I dwelt where discord reigns;
 O might I quit the place,
 To range the unfrequented plains
 Or mazy wilderness!

Peace (lovely, soft, consoling guest!)
 Invites me to her charms,
 But when I urge it to the rest,
 They've all recourse to arms.

P S A L M CXXI.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th'eternal hills beyond the skies;
 Thence all her help my soul derives;
 There my almighty refuge lives.

He lives; the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood;
 The heav'ns, with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bleſſ all the day :
 He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while *Israel* sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely bleſſ,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no flumber nor surprize.

No sun shall finite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return
 Safe in the Lord ! his heav'nly care
 Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

On thee foul spirits have no pow'r ;
 And in thy last departing hour
 Angels that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXIII. By King JAMES.

I Lift mine eyes to thee, O thou
 That doſt the heavens command :
 As fervants (lo) with watchful eyes
 Do mark their master's hand.
 Or as a maid doth of her daine
 The hand attend : even thus
 We wait the Lord our God, till he
 Have mercy upon us.

Have.

Have mercy, Lord, have mercy, Lord,
 On us, who thee obey :
 We suffered have abundantly,
 To base contempt a prey.
 Our soul is charg'd by them with scorn
 Who at their ease abide :
 And with the insolent contempt
 Of them that swell with pride.

P S A L M CXXIII.

O Thou whose grace and justice reign.
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.

As servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke !
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look :

So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God ;
 Yet wait the gracious moment still,
 Till thou remove thy rod.

Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
 Our daily groans deride,
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.

Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies ;
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,
 That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

HAD not the Lord maintain'd our side,
 With joy might *Israe* cry ;
 When us our enemies defy'd,
 Had not the Lord stood by :
 We had been swallow'd quick, their blood
 Such flames of rage did warm :
 Our souls o'rewhelm'd with th' roaring flood,
 Had perish'd in the storm.

Blest be the Lord, who would not let
 Our lives become their prey :
 As birds, which from the fowler's net
 Escaping, fly away,
 My soul through their disorder'd bands,
 Has made a fair escape.
 Our help is from the Lord, whose hands
 Gave heaven and earth their shape.

PSALM CXXVI. By King JAMES.

WHEN that the Lord from bondage back
 His *Sion* did reclaim :
 We in an extasy entranc'd,
 Were like to them that dream.

Then

Then laughter fill'd our mouth with joy,
 Our tongues were singing glad :
 The Lord for them hath dene great things,
 The heathens wond'ring said.

The Lord, he who most mighty is,
 Hath done for us great things :
 And whilst contemplating the same,
 From thence our gladness springs.
 Lord, bring our captives back again
 A multitude that grow :
 Like mighty floods, that from the South
 Along the lands do flow.

To them, that first in sorrow's ground
 Did sow, with bitter tears ;
 A happy harvest, rich in joy,
 Of comfort plenty bears.
 He that doth weeping first go forth,
 And carrieth precious seed ;
 Shall doubtless come again with joy,
 And sheaves to serve his need.

P S A L M CXXVIII. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

BLEST is the man who God does fear,
 And in his ways his course does steer :
 He with content shall safely eat
 The fruits of his industrious sweat.

His wife a fruitful vine shall be ;
 Like plants of the fair olive-tree,
 Children his table shall surround :
 Who fears God thus, with bliss is crown'd.

Blest out of Sion he shall be,
 Good in Jerusalem shall see ;
 To childrens children shall increase,
 And Israel shall behold in peace.

P S A L M CXXX.

I.

OUT of the deep of sad distress,
 The gloomy mazes of despair,
 To heav'n I raise my warm address—
 Deign O my God ! to hear my pray'r.
 O let thine ear indulge my grief !
 For thy indulgence is relief.

II.

Should'st thou, O God, minutely scan
 Our faults, and as severely chide,
 No mortal seed of sinful man
 Could such a scrutiny abide.
 But mercy shines in all thy ways ;
 Bright theme of universal praise !

III.

With longing eyes I seek the Lord,
 Before his throne my soul attends,
 Firmly on his eternal word
 My hope is fix'd, my faith depends.
 Before the dawn my soul shall rise
 In contemplation to the skies.

IV.

Ye pious minds on God rely ;
 With full assurance in him trust :
 He sends redemption from on high,
 And sooths your penitential dust.
 Who will absolve his exil'd heirs
 From all their guilt, and all their cares.

P S A L M CXXX. By Mr. DANIEL.

BURIED in darkness, and opprest with care,
 To thee, my gracious God, I bend in pray'r ;
 Nor pray'rs, nor sighs can jealous *Saul* assuage,
 Save me, oh save me from the tyrant's rage !
 Friends I have none to take my injur'd part,
 And sure no soul like mine can plead desert ;
 If merit must my intercessor be,
 Vain are my wretched hopes, and lost in thee.

Ah no ! in such a light I ne'er must shine,
 Let others claim desert, let shame be mine ;
 For oh ! should'st thou inspect the inward part,
 And nicely weigh each failing of the heart,
 Should'st thou our vain and idle actions scan,
 And let thy rig'rous justice loose on man,
 The purest mind can no perfection boast,
 And ev'n the whitest innocence is lost.

But see, thy tender mercy intervenes,
 Covers our failings, and our follies screens ;
 Mercy and pity in thy bosom move,
 And all thy Godhead stands confess in love,

Love

Love, wond'rous love, the fav'rite of thy breast,
Love felt by all—too great to be exprest.

Come, mighty God, and take thy servant's part,
Come, mighty God, and triumph o'er my heart ;
Seize, take it all, and let the wand'rer be
Close knit in sweetest bonds to truth and thee :
Not so thy priests which in the temple pray,
Watch for the early blush of rising day,
As my soul pants and struggles to be free,
Full of thy wish'd approach, and full of thee.
Come, mighty God, and take my injur'd part,
Oh come, and reign for ever in my heart.

Oh *Isra'l* mourn, like me, your conduct past,
Implore his pardon, and his bounty taste ;
All-gracious is the God in whom we trust,
Mild, and forgiving, merciful, and just ;
His arm will strike this grand oppressor down,
Confirm our *Israel*, and secure the crown ;
Then hostile rage, and jealousies shall cease,
And the glad land shall taste the sweets of peace.

O D E on P S A L M CXXX. By Mrs. TOLLET.

I.

FR OM the profound abyss below
Beneath the vaulted base of earth,
Beneath where vegetables take their birth,
Beneath where gems and rip'ning metals glow :
Beneath those caverns which abide
Th'incessant pressure of the rolling tide,
Beneath the magazines which keep
Th'exhaustless treasures of the wat'ry deep ;

I raise my humble voice, and try,
 Though I so low and he so high,
 'To reach the starry mansions of the deity.

II.

My humble voice with mild attention hear !
 I see, I see the dreadful day,
 What mortal eye the view can bear ?
 When justice, rob'd in terrible array,
 Shall all the world to thy tribunal call :
 When men shall seek their guilty heads to hide
 Crush'd by the mountain's mould'ring sides ;
 Or bury'd in the ruins of the univerſal ball.
 Till mercy from the sky descends ;
 Divineſt attribute of power !
 In air the flaming ſword ſuspends ;
 And bids it rage no more, no more devour.
 Divineſt attribute ! which does maintain
 The ſacred awe of thy eternal reign.

III.

My ſoul ſecure attends the Lord ;
 Repos'd on his irrevocable word :
 With early hymns ſhe wakes the rising day ;
 With earlier vigilance than they
 Who from the turreted watch the dawning light,
 Emerging from the shades of night.
 Ye ſons of *Israel* ! ye who trace
 Your hallow'd lineage from the patriarch's race !
 With ſtedfast hope your gracious Lord adore :
 For know, that in the inexhausted store
 Of certain fate your great redeemer lies.
 When future time and certain fate
 The deſir'd period ſhall complete,
 Himself the Lord ſhall this redeemer riſe.
 No triumphs equal to the deed,
 Though from *Egyptian* bondage freed,

Can be compar'd to what remain ;
 When he of guilt shall break the chain,
 And give us liberty again.

}

P S A L M CXXXI. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

LORD ! no ambitious mind I bear,
 Betray'd in haughty airs :
 Nor I, above my proper sphere
 Converse in great affairs.
 But mildly I myself demean'd ;
 And angry thoughts suppress'd :
 As when an infant newly wean'd,
 Forgets his mother's breast.
 Ev'n like that weanling babe my mind
 Is soon compos'd to peace :
 To God be *Isræl's* hope resign'd,
 From now till time shall cease.

P S A L M CXXXIII. By Mrs. T O L L E T.

I.

WHAT joy when brethren dwell combin'd
 In pious unity of mind !
 'Tis like the sacred unction shed
 On *Aaron's* venerable head :
 When bath'd in fragrancy respire
 His rev'rend beard and rich attire,

II.

Like dews which trickling from the sky
 In pearly globes on *Hermen* lye ;
 Or balmy vapours which distil
 On *Sion's* consecrated hill.
 For there the Lord his blessing plac'd ;
 And these with life eternal grac'd.

• P S A L M CXXXIV.

VE that obey th'immortal King,
 Attend his holy place ;
 Bow to the glories of his power,
 And bless his wond'rous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning-light,
 And send your souls on high ;
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.

The God of *Zion* chears our hearts
 With rays of quick'ning grace ;
 The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
 And rules the swelling seas.

P S A L M CXXXV. By Mr. SANDYS.

O You, who ephods wear and incense fling
 On sacred flames, Jehovah's praises sing.
 You, who his temple guard, O celebrate
 His glorious name ; his noble acts relate.

How

How great a joy with such sincere delight
 To crown the day, and entertain the night !
 For *Israel* is his choice ; and *Jacob's* race
 His treasure, and the object of his grace.
 In power how infinite ! how much before
 Those mortal gods, whom frantic men adore !
 All on his will depend ; all homage owe,
 In heaven, in earth, and in the depths below.
 At his command exhaled vapors rise,
 And in condensed clouds obscure the skies.
 From thence, in show'rs he horrid light'ning flings ;
 And from their caves the struggling tempests brings.
 He the first-born of men and cattle slew ;
 Fresh streams of blood the towns and plains imbrew.
 Th'inhabitants that drink of *Nile's* flood,
 At his confounding wonders trembling stood.

Great princes, who excell'd in fortitude,
 And mighty nations by his power subdu'd.
 Strong *Sihon*, whom the *Amorites* obey'd ;
 And strenuous *Og*, who *Bashan's* sceptre sway'd ;
 With all the kingdoms of the *Canaanites*,
 Who to the conquerors resign their rights ;
 To whom he their dismantled cities grants,
 And in those fruitful fields his *Hebrews* plants.
 Thy name shall last unto eternity ;
 And thy immortal fame shall never die.
 Thou dost thy servant pardon and protect ;
 Advance the humble, and the proud deject.
 Those helpless gods, ador'd in foreign lands,
 Are gold and silver ; wrought by human hands :
 Blind eyes have they, deaf ears, still silent tongues :
 Nor breath exhale from their unactive lungs.
 Who made, resemble them ; and such are those,
 Who in such senseless stocks their hopes repose.
 O praise the Lord, you who from *Israel* spring ;
 His praises, O you sons of *Aaron*, sing :

You of the house of *Levi* praise his name :
 All you who God adore, his praise proclaim,
 From *Sion* praise the only good and great ;
 Who in *Jerusalem* hath fixt his seat.

P S A L M CXXXVI. By SIR JOHN DENHAM.

GI V E thanks to God, the Holy One ;
 Give thanks to God who reigns a'one :
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

Give thanks to God, of kings the king,
 From whom great wonders only spring :
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

The heav'ns his pow'r and wisdom made ;
 Out of the deep the earth he weigh'd.
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

He form'd the sun, whose beams survey
 The world ; and did create the day :
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

The moon, with her attending train
 Of meaner lights, o'er night to reign.
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

He the first-born of *Egypt* smote,
 And from among them *Israel* brought :

His

*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

By his strong arm and mighty hand,
The waves like walls divided stand :
*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

Israel past safe on the firm ground,
While *Pharuoah* and his hosts were drown'd :
*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

God through the desert *Israel* led ;
Kings, who oppos'd them, fell, or fled :
*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

He *Sion* king of th' *Amorites*,
And *Og* the king of *Bashan* smites :
*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

Their heritage to *Israel*,
As their own patrimony, fell :
*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

When we were lost in low esteem,
His saving hand did us redeem :
*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

All creatures on his bounty live,
Therefore to him all praises give :
*His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.*

Give thanks to God the Holy One,
 To God who reigns in heaven alone:
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

P S A L M CXXXVII, By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

I.

N I G H seated where the river flows,
 That wat'reth *Babel's* thankful plain,
 Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
 Did help to water with the rain :
 The thought of *Sion* bred such woes,
 That though our harps we did retain,
 Yet useless and untouched there,
 On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged so,
 The men whose captives then we lay,
 Did on our griefs insulting go,
 And more to grieve us thus did say ;
 You that of music make such shew,
 Come sing us now a *Sion's* lay :
 Oh no ! we have no voice nor hand
 For such a song in such a land.

III.

Though far I be, sweet *Sion* hill,
 In foreign soil exil'd from thee,
 Yet let my hand forget his skill,
 If ever thou forgotten be ;
 And let my tongue fast glewed still
 Unto my roof, lie mute in me;

If

If thy neglect within me spring,
Or ought I do, but *Salem* sing,

IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
To quit the pains of *Edom's* race,
Who causelessly, yet hotly set
Thy holy city to deface ;
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd first the place,
“ Down, down with it at any hand,
“ Make all a waste, let nothing stand.

V.

And *Babylon*, that didst us waste,
Thyself shalt one day wasted be :
And happy he, who what thou hast
Unto us done, shall do to thee ;
Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
Like woful objects make thee see :
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take and dash against the stones.

ODE on PSALM CXXXVII.

By MRS. TOLLET.

I.

BE S I D E where fam'd *Euphrates* flows,
Thy dear remembrance urg'd our woes ;
Thee *Solyma* ! our tears deplore,
The great ! the glorious ! now no more :
Our silent harp, untun'd, unstrung,
Upon the hoary willows hung.

II.

Our haughty lords, insulting throng,
 In barb'rous mirth demand a song :
 Such tuneful airs, melodious strains,
 As ill agree with servile chains ;
 Such songs as us'd of old to sound,
 O'er *Sion's* courts and hallow'd ground.

III.

And can we then, celestial King !
 Thy hymns in hateful exile sing !
 Thee, *Sion* ! if my thoughts forego,
 Thy glories past, thy present woe,
 May then, with palsies numb'd and chill,
 My better hand forget her skill.

IV.

O Solyma ! if ever part
 Thy honour'd image from my heart,
 Fix'd to my palate may my tongue
 For ever motionless be hung :
 If any joy my bosom know
 Superior to so just a woe.

V.

O may celestial ire apace
Involve Idume's cruel race !
 Think, Lord ! what they presum'd to say,
 When *Sion* saw her latest day :
 They bade her levell'd pride confound ;
 And raze her turret to the ground.

VI.

Daughter of *Babel* doom'd to know
 The pining waste of meager woe !
 O ! happy he who shall repay
 The vengeance of that signal day :

And

And happy he by whom are thrown
Thy infants on the rugged stone.

PSALM CXXXIX. Imitated by Mr. BLACKLOCK:

ME, O my God ! thy piercing eye,
In motion, or at rest, surveys ;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
Or travel through frequented ways ;
Where-e'er I move, thy boundless reign,
Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
Whose view pervades my inmost heart !
The latent, kindling, young desire,
The word, 'ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms display,
And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
Or froward bend my wand'ring sight,
Whatever objects round me rise
Through the wide fields of air and light ;
With thee impres'd, each various frame
The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

Father of all, omniscient mind,
Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend ?
That wisdom, which, 'ere things began,
Saw full express th'all-comprehending plan !

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
 Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue ?
 What dark rece's, what distant clime,
 Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?
 Where from thy spirit shall I fly,
 Diffusive, vital, felt through earth and sky ?

If up to heav'n's æthereal height,
 Thy prospect to clude, I rise ;
 In splendor there, severely bright,
 Thy presence shall my sight surprize :
 There, beaming from their source divine,
 In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendent globe if laid,
 If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,
 I call on night's impervious shade
 To spread essential blackness round ;
 Conspicuous to thy wide survey,
 Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,
 Thee, all her conscious powers adore ;
 Whose being circumscribes the whole,
 Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore :
 Alike illum'd by native light,
 Amid the sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If through the fields of æther borne,
 The living winds my flight sustain ;
 If on the rosy wings of morn,
 I seek the distant western main ;
 There, O my God ! thou still art found,
 Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms surround :

Thy

Thy essence fills this breathing frame,
 It glows in ev'ry conscious part ;
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
 And feeds with life my beating heart :
 Unfelt along my veins it glides,
 And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

While, in the silent womb inclos'd,
 A growing embryo yet I lay,
 Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,
 Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray ;
 Till, finish'd by thy wond'r'ous plan,
 I rose the dread majestic form of man.

To thee, from whom my being came,
 Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,
 Replete with all my wond'r'ous theme,
 To thee my votive strains shall flow :
 Great ARCHETYPE ! who first design'd,
 Expressive of thy glory, human kind.

Who can the stars of heav'n explore,
 The flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,
 Th'unnumber'd sands that form the shore,
 The drops that swell the spacious main ?
 Let him thy wonders publish round,
 Till earth and heav'n's throne resound.

As subterraneous flames confin'd,
 From earth's dark womb impetuous rise,
 The conflagration, fann'd by wind,
 Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies :
 In light'ning's flash, and thunder's roar,
 Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then as far as pole from pole,
 Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire ;
 At whose approach my kindling soul
 Awakes to unextinguish'd ire :
 Fly ; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
 You, who in scorn pronounce th'Almighty's name.

The wretch, who dares thy pow'r defy,
 And on thy vengeance loudly call,
 On him not pity's melting eye,
 Nor partial favour e'er shall fall :
 Still shall thy foes be mine, still share
 Unpity'd torture, and unmixt despair.

Behold, O God ! behold me stand,
 And to thy strict regard disclose
 Whate'er was acted by my hand,
 Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose :
 If vice indulg'd their candour stain,
 Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O ! if nature, weak and frail,
 To strong temptations oft give way ;
 If doubt, or passion, oft prevail
 O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray :
 Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
 But guide thy CREATURE with a FATHER's love.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

LORD, thou with an unnerring beam
 Surveyest all my pow'rs ;
 My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
 By thee my resting hours.

My thoughts scarce struggling into birth,
 Great God, are known to thee :
 Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
 With thine immensity.

To thee the labyrinths of life
 In open view appear ;
 Nor steals a whisper from my lips
 Without thy list'ning ear.

Behind I glance, and thou art there ;
 Before me shines thy name ;
 And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand
 Sustains my tender frame.

Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
 Of my astonish'd mind,
 Nor can my reason's soaring eye
 Its tow'ring summit find.

Where from thy spirit shall I stretch
 The pinions of my flight ?
 Or where, through nature's spacious range,
 Shall I elude thy sight ?

Scal'd I the skies : the blaze Divine
 Would overwhelm my soul :
 Plung'd I to hell ; there I should hear
 Eternal thunders roll.

If on a morning's darting ray
 With matchless speed I rode,
 And flew to the wild lonely shore,
 That bounds the ocean's flood ;

Thither thine hand, All-present God,
 Must guide the wond'rous way,
 And thine omnipotence support
 The fabrick of my clay.

Should I involve myself around
 With clouds of tenfold night,
 The clouds would shine like blazing noon
 Before thy piercing sight.

The darkness scatters at thine eye,
 And sparkles into day,
 And light and shade alike appear
 To thy resplendent ray.

Thine all-pervading knowledge strikes
 Through nature's inmost gloom :
 And in thy circling arms I lay
 A flumb'rer in the womb.

Thee will I honour, for I stand
 A volume of thy skill,
 Stupendous are thy works, and they
 My contemplations fill.

Thine

Thine eye beheld me, when the speck
 Of entity began,
 And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd
 Thy rich embroid'ry ran.

Th'unfashion'd mass by thee was seen ;
 My structure in thy book
 Was plann'd, before thy curious mould
 The future embryo took.

How precious are the streaming joys
 That from thy love descends,
 Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
 Where would their numbers end ?

Not ocean's countless sands exceed
 The blessings of the skies ;
 With night's descendin' shades they fall
 With morning splendors rise.

But, Lord, thy keen revenging shafts
 Shall wound the stubborn heart,
 Far from my bosom, and my tent,
 Ye sons of death depart.

Against the Lord that rules the world
 See daring sinners rise,
 And, sporting with his honours, breathe
 Defiance to the skies.

Sheath'd in rebellious arms they stand,
 And hence my sorrow flows ;
 They hate my God, they burit his lands,
 And hence my hatred glows.

I hate them ; and a keener rage
 This breast did never know ;
 And as they dare to combat heav'n,
 I count them each my foe.

Survey me, Lord, explore my heart,
 Disclose the latent cause,
 And weigh the motives of my soul
 By thine impartial laws ;

And if the transports of my zeal
 From selfish springs have flow'd,
 Detect the guilt, and guide my steps
 In thine eternal road !

PART OF PSALM CXXXIX.

Imitated by H. DELL.

O God, whose all-exploring eye surveys
 My inmost thoughts, and all my secret ways :
 Who, from thy vast infinitude of space,
 Can all my soul's most deep recesses trace ;
 Say ! from thy presence whither shall I fly ?
 On eagles wings should I ascend the sky,
 Thy blaze divine would all my pow'rs controul,
 Astonish and o'erwhelm my ravish'd soul :
 Or, should I seek t'elude thee with my flight
 In the black regions of eternal night,
 'Thy omnipresence still would there be found,
 In all the horrors of the vast profound :
 Through worlds unnumber'd should I wing my way,
 Where night eternal reigns, or endless day ;

To

To earth's remotest parts, or where I will,
Thy watchful providence surrounds me still.

Before existence from the womb of night,
Had call'd my rising form to op'ning light,
Thy piercing eye did ev'ry part survey,
And quicken'd into life the breathless clay ;
Th'unfashion'd mass, form'd by thy pow'r divine,
Complete in beauty's excellence to shine.
Thy ways, O God, whene'er my thoughts pursue,
A thousand wonders open to my view ;
Such heights sublime when I survey, in vain
I strive such wond'rous knowledge to attain.

When nature's glories all to dust shall fade,
To thee my grateful tribute shall be paid :
While life exists, to thee my voice I'll raise ;
Thy glorious name I will for ever praise.

PSALM CXLI. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

LO R D, when I cry, make haste to hear,
And to my voice incline thy ear :
So shall my prayer like incense rise,
My high-rais'd hands as sacrifice.

Lord, set upon my mouth a guard,
And let its double door be barr'd.
Let not my heart to sin incline,
Nor let my hand in mischief join.

The sinner's dainties I'll not share :
The just man's strokes I'll meekly bear ;
Though sharply he my crimes reprove,
I'll take it as a mark of love :

This

This like a precious ointment shed,
Will never bruise but heal my head:
And if I find him in distress,
My thanks and prayers shall him release.

His judges in a stony place
Falling, my counsels shall embrace.
Our scatter'd bones, like wood that's cleft,
At the grave's mouth expos'd are left.

To thee my eyes, Lord, I direct,
From thee alone relief expect:
To thee my soul presents her suit;
Lord, do not leave her destitute.

O keep me from the treacherous snare,
Which bloody hands for me prepare!
May their own nets themselves intrap,
While by thy favour I escape.

P S A L M CXLII:

TO God I raise my humble cry,
To him unfold my mournful case;
Prostrate before his throne I lie,
Implore and supplicate his grace.

While, plung'd in sorrow, I endure
Th'opprobrious taunts of scornful pride,
How far my sentiments are pure,
Omniscience, only, can decide.

Around I cast my wishful eyes,
 Distress'd, abandon'd, and forlorn,
 But to my grief a sad surprize,
 Am answer'd with contempt and scorn.

No kindly refuge or retreat
 Invites my fainting soul to rest,
 No soft humanity I meet,
 No friendly comforts make me blest.

Indulge, O God ! my louder cry,
 Cherish my hope, and sooth my fear ;
 Thou art my Sov'reign blifs on high,
 Be thou my shield and refuge here.

While I beneath affliction bow,
 To my pathetic suit attend,
 And let my persecutors know
 Omnipotence is still my friend.

Inlarge my sphere, and set me free
 From prison, bondage, guilt, and shame ;
 Then shall the righteous join with me,
 Thy kind indulgence to proclaim.

A PARAPHRASE on PSALM CXLIII:

HEAR, gracious Lord, my fervent prayer,
 Indulge my humble cry :
 Thy truth and righteousness declare,
 And save me from on high.

Remit my guilt, nor call me forth
 In judgment to appear :
 Since none of all the tribes on earth
 Can in thy sight be clear.

The hand of unrelenting pow'r
 My happiness invades :
 As men that long have been no more,
 I grovel in the shades.

Hence potent grief and gloomy care,
 My inward peace destroy :
 The black intrusions of despair
 Cloud ev'ry glimpse of joy.

Yet, from the scenes of past distress
 Some comforts I derive ;
 The ancient wonders of thy grace
 My dying hopes revive.

To thee I stretch my hands abroad,
 And raise my mental pow'rs ;
 So thirsts the dry and parched clod
 For the refreshing show'rs.

Hear, O my God ! be quick to save ;
 My vital strength decays :
 Thy absence sinks me to the grave,
 And withers out my days.

When balmy sleep forsakes my head,
 Thy gracious aid impart ;
 Describe the path I ought to tread,
 And fix it in my heart.

To thee my languid soul aspires
 When threat'ning foes engage ;
 Vouchsafe to second my desires,
 And disconcert their rage.

Teach me to execute thy will,
 My only sov'reign guide !
 And bear me to thy sacred hill,
 Where endless joys reside.

Quicken, O God ! and make me whole,
 Extinguish all despair ;
 Inlarge and extricate my soul,
 And dissipate my care.

Then, while thy goodness shall prolong
 The measure of my days,
 My grateful soul shall prompt my tongue
 To celebrate thy praise.

P S A L M CXLIII. By Mr. DANIEL.

Vouchsafe, my God, to lend a lift'ning ear,
 Pity the exile, and regard my pray'r ;
 Let me thy sweet, thy tender mercy find,
 And calm this dreadful tempest in my mind.
 I rage, I burn, I rave—my son, my son
 (And do I live to tell it?)—drives me on,
 From my own child this wretched flight accrues ;
 The aged parent flies, the son pursues ;
 Where shall I run ? ah whither shall I flee ?
 Where shall a wretched father rest and die ?

And

And yet——the fault is mine, my sins I own,
 My hateful sins have pull'd this judgment down:
 From n'y lost scepter I with justice fall.
 Yes, I am ruin'd——and deserve it all ;
 Yet do not, O my God, my failings scan,
 Remember I'm that poor weak creature man ;
 Prone to do ill, and sinful at the best ;
 Nor can our brightest virtue stand thy test.

Oh the ungrateful youth ! eternal shame
 Covers my wretched age, and blasts my name ;
 Disgrace, and foul dishonour crown my brow,
 This desart is my only empire now :
 He minds not, hears not, fees not my distress,
 Or seeing would not wish my sorrows less ;
 Alas ! he envies me this lonely cave,
 And this fell heart pursues me to the grave.

Yet oh ! in spight of all this dreadful scene,
 Methinks some glimm'ring comfort shines within ;
 Thy former mercies in my fancy roll,
 Crowd to my thoughts, and brighten in my soul ;
 Fix'd with surprize, and motionless I stand,
 And count the various wonders of thy hand :
 When on the rugged bear I prov'd my might,
 And dar'd the hungry lion to the fight ;
 Did not my Maker on my side engage,
 When young in arms I scorn'd their utmost rage ?
 On Dammin's plain when proud Goliath stood,
 Challeng'd our captains, and defy'd our God ;
 Was not thy glorious arm my shield and bow,
 Thy glorious arm which laid the boaster low ?
 Didst thou not oft the jealous *Saul* assuage,
 And kindly screen thy servant from his rage ?
 Thou didst, thou didst ; from thee my safety came,
 Gracious and good, and thou art still the same ;

Alike

Alike thy mercy will for ever be,
The same thy bounty and thy love to me.

Come quickly to my aid, thou welcome guest,
And gently lull my fainting soul to rest ;
My fainting soul, like a dry thirsty land,
Pants for the cooling comfort of thy hand :
Oh haste thee, do not stop, make no delay,
How pressing is my danger ! haste away,
Alas ! no friend but *thee* can *David* boast,
And if my God is absent, I am lost.

How dreadful is the gloom ?—a murmur'ring sound
Through all the trembling camp is heard around ;
We start at ev'ry noise, and greatly fear,
We start, and think that *Absalom* is near.
O guard thy little flock this fearful night,
And give our eyes to see returning light ;
Let welcome news attend the morning ray,
Smile on our wishes, and restore the day.
The boy, th'ambitious boy comes thund'ring on,
And in his eager fancy hunts me down ;
He, and his rebels come, a num'rous band,
Snatch me, oh snatch me from the traitor's hand :
Where lies the road of safety, tell me where ?
For sure destruction must attend me here :
To a good God, my only hope, I flee,
Hope which can ne'er be lost when fix'd on thee.

Oh think what wond'rous honour must ensue,
When *Israel* sees its safety springs from you ;
How shall their tongues express the glorious flame,
How will both king and people blefs thy name ?
Arise, great God, arise ! thy might disclose,
And pour out all thy vengeance on our foes ;
In loudest thunder let the traitors see
That rebels wage an impious war with thee ;

Thy minister I am, at thy command
 I took the scepter, and I rul'd the land ;
 Thine is the cause in which our swords we draw,
 Thine is the cause of liberty and law :
 Where justice best appears, let conquest be,
 And strengthen thou the arm which strikes for thee.

A PARAPHRASE on P S A L M CXLIV.

Descend, eternal God of might !
 While I invoke thy sov'reign grace ;
 Let mountains tremble at thy sight,
 And heaven dissolve before thy face !

From thy celestial throne survey
 How strangers persecute my soul ;
 Vouchsafe to bear me hence away,
 Nor let the torrent on me roll.

Withdraw me from the servile croud,
 Whose hands with wickedness abound ;
 Whose mouth of vanity is loud,
 Whose clamours all my peace confound.

Then shall the muse in songs divine
 Her utmost skill and genius raise ;
 My voice and instrument shall join,
 In grateful concert to thy praise.

P A R T o f P S A L M CXLIV.

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace !

That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love !

P S A L M C X L V . By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

O Lord, my God, my songs to thee
Shall, like thyself, immortal be !
For ever I'll thy praise express,
And every day thy name will bless.

Great is the Lord, his praise no bounds
Confine, no line his greatness sounds.
That generation which succeeds,
Shall learn from this thy mighty deeds:

The honour of thy majesty
 I'll sing, how wonderful ! how high ?
 The measures of thy grace who know ?
 Thy mercy's swift, thy anger slow.

O'er all, God's guardian mercy stands,
 His bounty falls from equal hands.
 His wond'rous power his works proclaim,
 For which the saints shall bless his name.

God's majesty, his power, the state
 Of his dominion, saints relate ;
 So large, so lasting, so renown'd,
 As neither place nor time shall bound.

Thy hand supports the drooping head ;
 Has rais'd the low, the hungry fed.
 The whole creation, men and beasts,
 Attending thee, thy bounty feasts.

Justice and truth thy ways secure ;
 And, like thyself, thy works are pure.
 To them that pray the Lord is near,
 To all who pray and are sincere.

Their suits he grants, their wants supplies,
 And saves them when he hears their cries.
 All this the righteous man enjoys,
 But the ungodly God destroys.

My lips his praises shall proclaim,
 And all who live shall bless his name.

HYMN from PSALM CXLVI.

By Mr. SOWDEN.

INDULGENT father ! how divine !
 How bright thy bounties are !
 Through nature's ample round they shine,
 Thy goodness to declare.

But in the nobler work of grace,
 What sweeter mercy smiles,
 In my benign Redeemer's face,
 And ev'ry fear beguils !

Such wonders, Lord ! while I survey,
 To thee my thanks shall rise,
 When morning ushers in the day,
 Or ev'ning veils the skies.

When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,
 Thy praise shall tune my breath ;
 The dear memorials of thy name
 Shall gild the shades of death.

But oh ! how sweet my song shall rise,
 When freed from feeble clay,
 And all thy glories meet mine eyes,
 In one eternal day !

Not *Sorrows*, who resound thy name,
 Through yon ethereal plains,
 Shall glow with a diviner flame,
 Or raise sublimer strains.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine ;
 Now while the flesh in mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
 While immortality endures ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man, whose hope rely
 On *Israel's* God : he made the sky,
 And earth and seas with all their train,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

His truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves th' opprest, he foods the poor ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell :
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVI. By Mrs. ROWE.

PREPARE the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,
 And let the glorious theme my soul inspire :
 To thee, my God, I sing ; thy mighty name
 With heav'nly rapture shall my soul inflame.
 My tuneful homage shall like incense rise,
 And glad the air, and reach th'approving skies ;
 While life and breath remain, the sacred song
 Shall fill my breast, and swell upon my tongue.

As some fair structure, whose firm basis lies
 On strength of rocks, the threatening winds defies ;
 So steadfastly my hopes on heav'n are plac'd,
 Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blast.
 Let others flit for human help attend,
 And on the flatt'ries of the great depend ;
 Relentless death shall mock their airy trust,
 And lay their boasted confidence in dust.
 As the fantastic visions of the night,
 Before the op'ning morning take their flight ;
 So perish all the boasts of men, their pride,
 And vain designs, the laughing skies deride.

But he alone securely guarded lives,
 To whom the mighty God protection gives ;
 The mighty God, who made the steadfast earth,
 And gave the springs that swell the ocean birth ;

Who form'd the stars, and spread the circling skies,
 And bade the sun in all his glory rise :
 No breach of faithfulness his honour stains,
 With day and night his word unchang'd remains :
 On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,
 To help th'oppres'd, and answer all their cries ;
 The orphan's soft complaint, and widow's tears,
 Obtain redress, and fix his list'ning ears :
 His throne from changes stands for ever free,
 And his dominion shall no period see.

PART of PSALM CXLVII.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high ;
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.

He sends his show'rs of blessing down
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the grafts the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry ;
 But man who tastes his finest wheat
 Should raise his honours high.

His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year ;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wint'ry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. By Mrs. TOLLET.

FR OM vocal air and convex skies,
Let wafted alleluias sound :
And let the sacred triumphs rise,
Till vaulted heav'n the notes rebound.
Ye angels ! you harmonious throng,
Who round the throne eternal wait :
Alternate answer to the song,
Ye rapid ministers of fate !
Thou solar orb ! whose ruddy beam
Compels the shades of night to yield :
Thou silver moon ! whose fainter gleam
Scarce trembles o'er yon azure field.

Ye stars ! who circle round the pole,
 Illumin'd with distinguish'd rays ;
 Instruct your vocal spheres to roll
 Symphonious, to your maker's praise.
 Praise him, above th'ætherial height
 Thou empyrean ! far more high :
 Praise him, ye cataracts ! the weight
 Of waters treasur'd o'er the sky.
 His name with pious praises sing,
 Who kindled first the beamy light :
 Who first commanded you to spring
 Forth from the cells of genuine night.
 His edit, with eternal force,
 Aloft suspends the starry rays :
 He points, along the liquid course,
 Their motions, intervals, and ways,
 Thee, lower earth ! the hymn requires,
 To answer to the jocund sound :
 Ye dragons with enamell'd spires !
 Ye caverns of the vast profound !
 Ye lambent flames ! ye hail and snow !
 In humid trails ye vapours curl'd !
 Ye tempests ! which obedient blow
 To pour his vengeance on the world.
 Ye mountain-steeps ! ye humbler hills !
 Ye trees ! which with delicious food
 And gen'rous juice the season fills :
 Ye cedars, giants of the wood.
 Ye savage beasts ! who lone abide
 In forests : Ye of milder kind :
 Ye reptiles, who extended glide !
 Ye plamy tribes who mount the wind.
 Ye monarchs ! whose imperial sway,
 The subjugated nations awes :
 Ye nations who those kings obey !
 Ye chiefs and guardians of the laws.
 Ye active youth, in manly prime !
 Ye virgins deck'd with blooming grace !

Ye elders press'd by creeping time !
 And you the tender infant race ?
 Your voices raise with mix'd acclaim ;
 To praise the universal Lord :
 The sole, august, majestic name,
 O'er earth and distant heav'n ador'd.
 When he shall elevate their horn,
 Shall all his saints his praises sing :
 The progeny of *Israel* born,
 Who still attend their heav'nly king.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

PRAISE to the God who arch'd the sky,
 Is the high note that wakes my tongue :
 Praise to the God who reigns on high,
 Shall be the cadence of the song..

Celestial worlds, your maker's name
 Resound through ev'ry shining coast :
 Our God a greater praise will claim,
 Where he unfolds his glories most.

Angels, that his commissions bear,
 And ye that wait around the throne,
 Next in the tuneful work appear,
 And send your lofty honours down.

Stupendous globe of flaming day,
 Praise him in thy sublime career,
 He struck from night thy pearles ray,
 Weigh'd thee thy path, and guides thee there.

Moon, milder regent of the night,
 Our God expects his praise from you :
 If faint your beams, yet they can write
 In fainter strokes his praises too.

Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n
 Night's sable horrors to illume,
 Praise him who hung you in his heav'n,
 With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

Oceans, with all th'enormous race
 Peopling your wombs, his name adore ;
 Soft be the note, if smooth your face,
 But sounding, if your billows roar.

Dragons, of huge terrific size,
 Can you your maker's praise forbear ?
 His vengeance flashes in your eyes,
 Your backs his scaly liv'ry wear.

Lightnings, that round th'Eternal play,
 Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd,
 The grandeur of your God convey,
 Blazing or bursting on the world.

Let rounded hail, let fleecy snow,
 Publish their maker's wide renown :
 Snows, you must waft it soft and slow,
 While hail in tempest bears it down.

Whirlwinds, that with impetuous force
 Fulfil JEHOVAH's dire commands,
 Praise him in your unfetter'd course,
 And sound his terrors through the lands.

Vapours, when you ascend the skies,
 Array'd in beauties not your own,
 On your gay plumes let praises rise,
 And aid the concert to the throne.

Mountains, with everlasting zeal
 Proclaim your maker's name abroad :
 While grove to grove, and hill to hill,
 In humble echoes praise their God.

Praise him, ye trees, with verdure crown'd,
 Or hung with fruits of golden dye ;
 From the low shrub that creeps the ground
 To cedars waving in the sky.

Re'ound his name, ye beasts of prey,
 Through all your dens, in awful strains :
 And let the lowing herds essay
 His honours, as they graze the plains.

Ye birds, in painted plumage drest,
 Tune to your God your lab'ring throats :
 By reptiles be his praise exprest,
 Though rude and artless be their notes.

Monarchs, who hold imperial sway
 By leave from heav'n's Eternal King,
 Come with the millions that obey
 Your nod, and your Creator sing.

Judges, enthron'd in SALEM's gates,
 Th'impartial judge of All revere :
 And, while you seal the mortal fates,
 Think of your sentence at his bar.

Let youth of ev'ry sex and rank,
 Exulting in the bloom of life,
 Their God for all his blessings thank
 And join the loud harmonious strife.

Hoary in holiness the sage
 With grateful songs should meet his death :
 And infants in their tenger age
 Should lispe their God with joyful breath.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Be the Almighty God ador'd :
 He made the nations by his pow'r,
 And sways them with his sov'reign word.

At once let nature's ample round
 To God the vast thanksgiving raise :
 His high perfection knows no bound,
 But fill th'immensity of space.

A PARAPHRASE ON P S A L M CXLVIII.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

O Azure vaults ! O chrystal sky !
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the God of war,
 Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth, his footstool, as in heav'n his throne.

Great

Grēat eye of all, whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
 By God's command, your influence;
 Resign to him, as your Creator due,
 That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first, of things,
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs.
O praise th'Almighty Ruler of the globe,
 Who useth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,
 Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
 Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
 And whose command is th'universal law.

Ye wat'ry mountains of the sky,
 And you so far above our eye,
 Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
 Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
 Peoples the dark retreats of death,
 Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
 And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
 That in the sea's vast bosoms sleep,
 At whose command the foaming billows roar,
 Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
 And you who through the concave blow,
 Swift executors of his holy word,
 Whirlwinds and tempest, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
 Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
 Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
 All heav'n was fire, and *Sinai* hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground,
 With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd ;
 And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
 That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
 Whose only care's to love and sing,
 Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
 Praise your creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage, furious beast,
 That on his stores do daily feast.
 And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
 Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
 Whose pow'r hath here no periods,
 May all attempts against your crowns be vain ;
 But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
 Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring,
 And from the *Danube*'s frosty banks to those
 Where from an unknown head great *Nilus* flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
 Praise him from whom your pow'r derives :

Be true and just, like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time ;
O praise him in your youthful prime ;
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense ;
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
When heav'n, and earth, and all is past :
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
The God of Gods, the God of grace ;
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

PSALM CXLIX. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

YE saints, in your assemblies raise
Your voice to God, new songs to sing ;
Let *Israel* his Creator praise,
And *Sion* magnify her king.
With cheerful timbrels let them dance,
And with their harps his praise advance.

God's people are his joy, the meek
With his salvation shall be crown'd :
Then let his saints his favour seek,
And on their beds his name resound.
Their mouths shall with his praise be fill'd,
Their hands a two-edg'd sword shall wield,

The heathen nations to confound.

In chains he leads their captive kings ;
 Their lords in iron fetters bound,
 Before his judgment-seat he brings.
 Such honour, in his sacred word,
 God gives his saints. *Praise ye the Lord.*

P S A L M CL. By King JAMES.

PR A I S E ye the Lord, our God within
 His sanctuary praise :
 Within his firmament of power
 His glory duly raise.
 Praise him for all the mighty acts,
 That have by him been wrought :
 Praise him, as doth his greatness fit,
 Above what can be thought.

Praise him aloud with chearful sounds,
 That stately trumpets give :
 Praise him on psaltery and harp,
 For ever whilst ye live.
 Praise him with timbrels, and for joy
 To dance, rejoicing meet :
 Praise him with instruments well string'd,
 And organs sounding sweet.

Praise him with cymbals, praise to him
 With cymbals loud afford :
 Let all things breathing give him praise,
 For ever praise the Lord.

P S A L M C L. By Mrs. TOLLET.

I.

WITH alleluias from the shrine
Salute th'omnipotence divine :
And echo praises from the sky ;
Where he resides in Majesty.

II.

Praise him in all his glorious deeds ;
Where his Almighty pow'r exceeds.
The trumpet's martial voice inspire ;
And touch the lute ; and strike the lyre.

III.

Let youth and beauty form the dance ;
And to the timbrel's sound advance :
Ye masters of the trembling wire,
And solemn organs lead the choir.

IV.

On tuneful cymbals raise the sound ;
Or from the concave brass rebound :
And praise him, for to him belongs
The breath which modulates your songs.

and the author's name - 211375.

1. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

2. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

VI.

Leucostoma *luteum* (L.) Pers. is a common species throughout the eastern United States. It is a small shrub, 1-2 m. tall, with numerous slender, erect, pubescent branches. The leaves are opposite, elliptic-lanceolate, acute, 10-15 mm. long, 5-7 mm. wide, with entire margins and pubescent beneath.

The flowers are yellow, numerous, in terminal cymes, 5-10 mm. long, 2-3 mm. wide, with 5 petals and 5 stamens. The fruit is a small, round, black, 3-lobed capsule.

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A P P E N D I X.

PSALM I. Imitated by Mr. BLACKLOCK.

HO W blest the man, how more than blest !
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ ;
God's endless sunshine fills his breast ;
And smiling conscience whispers peace
and joy.

Fair rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue ;
While crouds in guilt and error stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While with unmeaning laughter gay,
Scorn, on her throne erected high,
Emits a false delusive ray,
To catch th'astonish'd gaze of folly's eye :

Deep in herself his soul retir'd,
Unmov'd beholds the meteor blaze,
And, with all perfect beauty fir'd,
Nature, and nature's God, intent surveys.

Him

Him from high heav'n, her native seat,
 Eternal wisdom's self inspires;
 While he, with purpose fix'd as fate,
 Pursues her dictates, and her charms admires.

In sunshine mild, and temp'rate air,
 Where some refreshing fountain flows,
 So nurs'd by nature's tend'rest care,
 A lofty tree with autumn's treasure glows.

Around its boughs the summer gale
 With pleasure waves the genial wing ;
 There no unfriendly colds prevail,
 To chill the vigour of its endless spring.

Amid its hospitable shade,
 Heav'n's sweetest warblers tune the lay ;
 Nor shall its honours ever fade,
 Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By God's Almighty arm sustain'd,
 Thus virtue soon or late shall rise ;
 Enjoy her conquest nobly gain'd,
 And share immortal triumph in the skies.

But fools to sacred wisdom blind,
 Who vice's tempting call obey,
 A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
 To every roaring storm an easy prey.

Thus when the warring winds arise,
 With all their lawless fury driv'n,
 Light chaff or dust incessant flies,
 Whirl'd in swift eddies through the vault of
 heav'n.

When in tremendous pomp array'd,
 Descending from the op'ning sky,
 With full omnipotence display'd,
 Her God shall call on nature to reply :

Then vice, with shame and grief depress'd,
 Transfix'd with horror and despair,
 Shall feel hell kindling in her breast,
 Nor to her judge prefer her trembling pray'r :

For, with a father's fond regard,
 To bliss he views fair virtue tend ;
 While vice obtains her just reward,
 And all her paths in deep perdition end.

P S A L M VI. By Mr. DANIEL.

Hear mighty God, the humble suppliant's cry,
 I faint——oh hear, and pardon e'er I die ;
 Wild and distract'd with my sins I flee,
 Thou great Physician of my soul, to thee :
 I know my follies must thy anger move,
 Chastise me,—but chastise me in thy love ;
 O let thy wonted mercy take my part,
 Vex'd are my bones, and broken—is my heart.

See how my foes exulting in their pride,
 Watch for my ruin, and my fate deride !
 Must those ingrates their cruel triumph have ?
 Is there no hope, no refuge but the grave ?
 Alas, should I resign my parting breath,
 What tribute can accrue to thee from death ?

Will the dark vault thy wond'rous acts proclaim?
 Or empty silence sing thy glorious name?
 Where cold and pale the senseless carcase lies,
 And all rememb'rance of thy bounty dies.

Ah whither shall I turn? the irksome day
 Rolls tedious o'er my head, and creeps away,
 And yet my griefs which shun the hated light,
 Can find no ease, no comfort from the night;
 Kind sleep, which sets all other wretches free,
 Seems to abhor my couch, and flies from me;
 All drown'd in gushing tears I trembling go,
 Or pensive lie a monument of woe;
 Alas how chang'd—all comeliness is fled,
 No sprightly ardor plays around my head,
 Deep eating care has furrow'd up my face,
 Unhappy *David* is not—what he was!
 O hear me, save me, pity, and forgive,
 Nor is it yet too late to bid me live;
 One kind reviving word will set me free,
 I beg, great God, to live, that I may live to thee.

He hears, he hears, go bear the tidings round,
 My joyful heart springs forward to the sound;
 He hears, and he forgives; away, be gone }
 Ye empty vain pretenders to my throne,
 Blasted are all your hopes, your little triumph done. }
 From an all-gracious God my safety rose,
 From God, who keeps his vengeance for my foes.

H Y M N taken from P S A L M VIII.

By Mrs. T O L L E T.

O Lord, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
 How glorious is thy name :
 How glorious o'er this earthly ball,
 And yon celestial frame !
 By infants who begin to try
 Their yet unpractis'd tongue,
 To silence bold impiety,
 Thy praises shall be sung.
 Nor to the starry skies alone
 Thy presence is confin'd :
 But thou on earth hast made it known
 In bounty to mankind.
 The lab'ring steer and bleating sheep
 And fowl his rule obey ;
 And all that in the spacious deep
 Pursue their wat'ry way.

C H O R U S.

O Lord, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
 How glorious is thy name ;
 How glorious o'er this earthly ball,
 And yon celestial frame.
 Alleluia.

P A R T o f P S A L M XVI.

I'Ve oft, O God, to thee confess'd
 How empty and how poor I am ;
 My praise can never make thee blest,
 Nor add new glories to thy name.

Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
 Some profit by the good we do ;
 These are the company I keep,
 These are the choicest friends I know.

Let others chuse the sons of mirth
 To give a relish to their wine,
 I love the men of heav'nly birth,
 Whose thoughts and language are divine,

P S A L M XVIII. Imitated.

AR I S E my soul ! thy sacred ardour prove,
 Sublimely soar, and tell the mighty love
 I bear the Lord, my rock, and my defence,
 My Saviour and my God, whose gifts dispense
 Salvation, and immeasurable grace
 To all that his stupendous love embrace.
 On this, my God, my strength I will repose,
 His hand shall save me from my cruel foes :
 Death with his sorrows compas'd me around,
 And direst thoughts my fearful soul did wound ;

Infernals pains present themselves to view,
 And traps and snares, my trembling feet pursue.
 In this my deep distress I lift mine eyes,
 Imploring him who reigns above the skies ;
 When from his throne he sees my pray'r sincere,
 To my complaint he lends a list'ning ear.

Earth, to her center trembled at his ire,
 The hills affrighted at his wrath retire ;
 Out from his presence blackest smoak he sends,
 Whilst fire consuming from his mouth descends :
 With step profound he quits the bending skies,
 Then clouds and darkness round his feet arise.
 On plumed cherubims sublime he rode,
 And wing'd upon the winds he flew abroad.
 Night's awful shade his dread pavilion forms,
 Dark water and thick clouds his seat adorns ;
 He reigns triumphant o'er the flying storms.

But at his presence, brightness did improve,
 Hail-stones, and coals of fire, and clouds remove ;
 His voice afar in rattling thunder flies,
 Whose dreadful echoes fill the sounding skies ;
 Destroying arrows fly t'obey his will,
 And crooked light'nings his command fulfill,
 Launch'd from his arm instructed where to kill.

At the Almighty's chaf't'ning nature mourn'd,
 And to her God in deep repentance turn'd.
 The springs like tears from their recesses flow'd,
 And drown'd in grief confess'd the angry God.
 His breath disclos'd the source of ev'ry stream,
 The old foundations of the world were seen :
 Through this my God, shall I securely stand,
 He holds me up with his all-gracious hand.
 Amid life's storms where raging billows roll,
 His power unseen uplifts my drooping soul.

Though enemies my heart did sore opprefs,
 I from his mighty arm soon found redress ;
 Though their infernal rage did cause my fear,
 Still I remember'd that my God was there :
 O'er all my terrors this did soon preside,
 And from my flowing eyes the tears subside ;
 The favours of the Lord I daily prove,
 He glads my soul and chears me with his love ;
 His all-discerning eye in open view
 Explor'd my heart, and saw my ways were true,
 Each action well design'd with candour weigh'd,
 And more than each descrv'd his goodness paid.
 To all his laws I kept a strict regard,
 Assur'd from him to meet a just reward.
 Through horrid scenes of guilt let sinners stray,
 Be it my boast thy sacred will t'obey ;
 With joy, with transport I'll the task pursue,
 And all my former vows to thee renew :
 For this th'eternal God will me protect,
 Attend my pray'rs, and all my steps direct.

They who have suffer'd long in grief and pain
 To pleasing joys shall be restor'd again :
 But they, whose haughty looks their pride make
 known,
 With dire misfortune shall be soon brought down.
 Thou, O my God, shall light me in thy way,
 And turn my darkness into brightest day ;
 Thy glorious law appears like shining gold,
 The more 'tis try'd its beauties we behold.

How blest are they, whose faith and confidence
 Is fix'd on God, the rock of all defence :
 He is immensely great, ador'd, and fear'd,
 No other Gods with him can be compar'd :
 An emblem of his pow'r doth nature stand,
 The whole creation rose at his command :

In all the pomp of war he is my shield,
 When glitt'ring troops adorn the hostile field ;
 He wings my feet like harts that seem to fly,
 And crown'd with glory sets me up on high.
 Nerv'd with his strength my arms are taught to fight,
 Ev'n bows of steel are broken with their might :
 He is my Saviour and my great defence,
 Eternal joys he can alone dispense,
 With his right hand he will maintain my stat.,
 And by correction make me truly great.

With eager haste I'll overtake my foes,
 Destroying all that does my right oppose :
 I'll smite them down, not able to withstand
 The sword of justice in my powerful hand,
 With piercing groans they shall the heav'ns rend,
 Though none their mis'ries or their griefs attend ;
 Ev'n to the Lord shall they with cries complain,
 Yet he'll not hear, or not regard their pain ;
 From heav'n nor earth, shall they no succour find,
 But be like dust before the stormy wind.
 My God shall save me, from th' impetuous rage
 Of roaring factions, and their pow'r assuage ;
 Make them fall low, and trembling, homage own
 To him, whom he exalteth to the throne ;
 Ev'n foreign nations and far distant lands
 Unknown to me, shall rev'rence my commands.

To God, th' Almighty Lord, my praise shall rise,
 Whose splendid glory fills th'unbounded skies ;
 His mercies soar beyond conception's flight,
 He is my great salvation and my might !
 My God, my vast reward, and mo:e than this,
 Source of my joy, my everlasting bliss !
 Eternal Father, sov'reign Lord of all,
 By whom m'insulting foes did justly fall,
 To thee, my raptur'd soul with joy shall raise,
 Her highest notes to celebrate thy praise !

In tuneful numbers, I'll the lay prolong,
 Till all the *Gentile* world shall catch the song :
 The heav'nly song shall be for ever mine,
 Join men and angels in one chorus join !

HYMN on PSALM XIX.

BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes
 It spreads diviner light,
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just,
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions giv'n !
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heav'n !

I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey :
 Send thy good spirit from above
 To guide me, lest I stray.

O who can ever find
 The errors of his ways?
 Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
 I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of ev'ry sin,
 Forgive my secret faults,
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad;
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

P S A L M XXX. By Mr. SANDYS.

MY verse shall in thy praises flow:
 Lord, thou hast rais'd my head on high;
 Nor suffer'd the proud enemy
 To triumph in my overthrow.

I cry'd aloud; thy arm did save;
 Thou drew'st me from the shades of death,
 Repealing my exiled breath,
 When almost swallow'd by the grave.

You saints of his, oh sing his praise!
 Present your vows unto the Lord;
 His perfect holiness record,
 Whose wrath but for a moment stays.

His quick'ning favour life bestows :
 Tears may continue for a night ;
 But joy springs with the morning light ;
 Long-lasting joys, soon-ending woes.

In my prosperity I said,
 My feet shall ever fixt abide :
 I, by thy favour fortify'd,
 Am like a stedfast mountain made.

But when thou hid'st thy cheerful face,
 How infinite my troubles grew !
 My cries then with my grief renew,
 Which thus implor'd thy saving grace :

What profit can my blood afford,
 When shall I to the grave descend ?
 Can senseless dust thy praise extend ?
 Can death thy living truth record ?

To my complaints attentive be ;
 Thy mercy in my aid advance :
 O perfect my deliverance,
 That have no other hope but thee !

Thou, Lord, hast made th'afflicted glad ;
 My sorrow into dancing turn'd :
 The sack-cloth torn wherein I mourn'd,
 And me in *Tyrian* purple clad :

That so my glory might proclaim
 Thy favours in a joyful verse ;
 Incessantly thy praise rehearse,
 And magnify thy sacred name.

P S A L M XCVI. Imitated.

TO God, th'Almighty Sov'reign of the skies,
 Let all the earth one gen'ral chorus rise ;
 Throughout the world his boundless praises sing,
 Make heav'n and earth with sound seraphic ring !
 Vast Being ! ne'er beginning ! without end !
 Thy pow'r and greatness who can comprehend ?
 When chaos reign'd at thy Almighty word,
 Creation rose and own'd thee sov'reign Lord ;
 Obedient to thy will, new worlds arise,
 Th'earth, the ocean, and the vaulted skies ;
 Thy dread commands all nature's laws obey,
 Revolving night, each day succeeds the day,
 Seas roll, suns rise, to thee all homage pay. }
 O earth, rejoice ! ye distant worlds around,
 Your great Creator's endless praise resound !
 Profuse, from him unnumber'd blessings flow,
 No bounds his inexhausted mercies know.
 For ever praise ! adore his pow'r divine !
 The heav'nly concert, men and angels join !

P S A L M CIV. By Mr. SANDYS.

MY ravish'd soul, great God, thy praises sings ;
 Whom glory circles with her radiant wings,
 And majesty invests : than day more bright ;
 Cloath'd with the beams of new-created light.
 He, like an all-infolding canopy,
 Fram'd the vast concave of the spangled sky :

And in the air-embraced waters set
 The basis of his hanging cabinet.
 Who on the clouds, as on a chariot, rides ;
 And with a rein the flying tempest guides.
 Bright angels his attendant spirits made ;
 By flame-dispersing seraphims obey'd.
 The ever-fixed earth cloath'd with the flood ;
 In whose calm bosom unseen mountains stood ;
 At his rebuke it shrunk with sudden dread,
 And from his voices thunder swiftly fled.
 Then hills their late concealed heads extend,
 And sinking vallies to their feet descend.
 The trembling waters through their bottoms wind,
 Till they the sea, their nurse and mother, find.
 He to the swelling waves prescribes a bound,
 Lest earth again should by their rage be drown'd.
 Springs through the pleasant meadows pour their drills,
 Which snake-like glide between the bord'ring hills ;
 Till they to rivers grow ; where beasts of prey
 Their thirst asswage, and such as man obey.

In neighbouring groves the air's musicians sing,
 And with their music entertain the spring.
 He from cœlest casement showers distills,
 And with renew'd increase his creature fills.
 He makes the food-full earth her fruit produce ;
 For cattle graffs, and herbs for human use.
 The spreading vine long purple clusters bears,
 Whose juice the hearts of pensive mortals chears :
 Fat olives smooth our brows with suppling oil ;
 And strength'ning corn rewards the reapers toil.
 His fruit-affording trees with sap abound.
 The Lord hath *Lebanon* with cedars crown'd :
 They to the warbling birds a shelter yield,
 And wand'ring storks in lofty fir-trees build.
 Wild goats to craggy cliffs for refuge fly ;
 And conies in the rocks dark entrails lye.

He guides the changing moon's alternate face :
 'The sun's diurnal and his annual race.
 'Twas he that made the all-informing light ;
 And with dark shadows cloaths the aged night.
 Then beasts of prey break from their mountain caves ;
 'The roaring lion pinch'd with hunger craves
 Food from his hand. But when heaven's greatest fire
 Obscures the stars, they to their dens retire.
 Men with the morning rise, to labour prest ;
 Toil all the day, at night return to rest.
 Great God ! how manifold, how infinite
 Are all thy works ! with what a clear fore-sight
 Didst thou create and multiply their birth !
 Thy riches fill the far extended earth.
 The ample sea ; in whose unfathom'd deep,
 Innumerable sorts of creatures creep :
 Bright scaled fishes in her entrails glide,
 And high-built ships upon her bosom ride :
 About whose sides the crooked dolphin plays,
 And monst'rous whales huge spouts of water raise :
 All on the land, or in the ocean bred,
 On thee depend ; in their due season fed.
 They gather what thy bounteous hands bestow,
 And in the summer of thy favour grow.
 When thou contract'st thy clouded brows, they mourn ;
 And dying, to their former dust return.
 Again created by thy quick'ning breath,
 To re-supply the massacres of death.
 No tract of time his glory shall destroy :
 He in th'obedience of his works shall joy :
 But when their wild revolts his wrath provoke,
 Earth trembles, and the airy mountains smoke.
 I all my life will my Creator praise ;
 And to his service dedicate my days.
 May he accept the music of my voice,
 While I with sacred harmony rejoice.
 Hence you profane, who in your sins delight ;
 God shall extirp, and cast you from his sight.

My soul, bless thou this all-commanding king :
You saints and angels, halleluiah sing.

PSALM CIV. By MRS. TOLLET.

BLESS thou the Lord, my soul ! O pow'r divine !

My sov'reign dread ! what majesty is thine !

With honor and imperial greatness drest,

And pure rays compose thy lucid vest.

Heav'n, like a veil, his secret seat enfolds,

The liquid crystalline its beams upholds.

Upon the chariot of the clouds he sails,

And treads the pennons of the soaring gales.

In rays of æther and celestial fire,

He cloaths his ministers and angel choir.

He fix'd the earth as on a solid base,

Self-pois'd to rest ; nor ever change its place.

Thou erst o'erspread it with the brooding deep,

As with a robe ; above the mountain-steep

The billows roll'd : But at thy check they fly ;

And when thy thunder rattles through the sky,

Precipitate their headlong flight. They now

Climb the steep summit of the mountain's brow :

Now thro' the dales with prone descent they pour ; }

To seek the place where thou hadst form'd before }

The mighty bason for their confluent store.

With barriers fix'd their rage thou dost restrain :

Not to be pass'd to drown the land again.

He through the valleys sends the streaming rills,

Whose bubbling fountains ooze among the hills.

Beasts of the field upon the margin meet,

With cooling draughts to quench their inward heat ;

The

The savage ass his fiery thirst allays :
 Above, the vocal birds, among the sprays,
 Tune their wild notes. From his celestial bow'rs,
 He on the hills the genial moisture show'rs.
 So with thy bounty fill'd, does earth produce
 Grafs for the herds, and plants for human use :
 So hast thou caus'd the fertile globe to bear,
 The gen'rous grape, the heart of man to cheer ;
 To glad his countenance the fragrant oil,
 And bread, support of necessary toil.
 The sacred trees with vital sap are fed ;
 The cedars, planted by the Lord, to spread
 O'er Lebanon the umbrage of their head.
 Upon their summit next the chirping choir : }
 And storks upon the pine's aerial spire.
 The mountain goats o'er precipices bound ; }
 A safe retirement from the hunter found : }
 And deep the conies hide in rocky ground.
 He set the silver moon, with various face,
 'To mark th'alternate stages of her race : }
 He taught the sun, at close of day, to sink
 Beneath the blue horizon's doubtful brink.
 Thou call'st for darkness ; then the shades arise,
 And night regains the empire of the skies : }
 Then, in the friendly shelter of the gloom,
 Rouz'd from their laires, the shaggy sylvans roam ; }
 The lion's whelps in search of quarry roar,
 Yet they from God their sustenance implore.
 No sooner o'er the earth the ruddy sun
 Exalts his orb, but all away they run,
 Till in their hollow dens, obscure and deep,
 On a promiscuous heap they couch to sleep.
 But, with the day, to man returns again
 His constant portion of appointed pain
 And destin'd labour ; till the ev'ning's close
 Refresh his weary limbs with due repose.

O Lord ! how num'rous for our wonder call
 Thy operations, form'd in wisdom all ! }
 Thy wealth diffus'd o'er this terrestrial ball !
 Nor o'er the earth alone, the spacious main
 Partakes ; whose vast extended tracts contain
 A race transcending number : Part a fry
 Scarce worth a name, or obvious to the eye ;
 Part of enormous bulk. There o'er the tide
 To distant ports advent'rous vessels ride.
 There the leviathan thy pleasure forms,
 To dance upon the waves, and sport in storms.
 All these, thy creatures, thee alone await,
 Of thee, in season, to receive their meat :
 By thee dispens'd they gather up their food ;
 All from thy lib'ral hand suffic'd with good.
 Thy face averted, destitute they mourn :
 Their breath by thee recall'd, they die, they turn
 Again to native dust. ——————
 Thy spirit issuing forth, with second birth,
 A new creation shall adorn the earth.
 The glory of the Lord for ever lasts :
 And in his works sincere delight he tastes.
 Earth he beholds ; it trembles on its poles :
 The hills he touches, and above them rolls
 Involving smoak. While the congenial flame
 Of vital spirit animates my frame,
 I to the Lord will consecrate my lays :
 While I exist my God I mean to praise,
 In thoughts of him to ecstasy resign'd.
 So shall the deity rejoice my mind.
 O ! may the guilty from the world decay
 O ! may the impious ever waste away !
 Bless thou the Lord, my Soul ! and yet again
 With alleluias and the sacred strain.

}

A

A PARAPHRASE on PSALM CXIV.

By MILTON.

WHEN the blest seed of *Terah*'s faithful son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from *Pbarian* fields to *Canaan* land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shewn,
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth : *Jordan*'s clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ews, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean ? and why skipt the mountains ?
 Why turned *Jordan* toward his chrystral fountains ?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall laist,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

On

On P S A L M C X V I I . E y H. D.

FOR all thy mercies, O my God,
 My humble voice I'll raise,
 To thee, my raptur'd soul shall sing
 In songs of endless praise.

Ye distant worlds, ye nations all
 Beneath the starry skies,
 Where nature's utmost limits bound,
 Let praise to God arise.

When nature's glories all shall fade,
 And time shall be no more ;
 His truth for ever shall remain,
 And mercies all endure.

An O D E on M E R C Y , in Imitation of
Part of P S A L M C X L V .

I.

TIS mercy calls—awake, my grateful string ;
 Ye worlds of nature, listen while I sing ;
 'Tis not his dire avenging rod,
 I sing the mercies of a God ;
 Hark, ye warblers of the sky,
 Rivers glide serenely by ;
 Or rather in the sacred chorus join,
 Till our united voices reach the seats divine.

II.

II.

Where injur'd saints, that us'd to mourn below,
 Find their glad breasts with joys eternal glow ;
 Where thousand tongues incessant cry,
 Glory be to God on high ;
 Dominion, power, praise, and then
 Mercy to the sons of men.
 Heav'n hears delighted, and the joyful sound
 Swell'd with celestial music spreads the regions round.

III.

The Lord, though seated far beyond the sky,
 Yet sees the wretched with a pitying eye ;
 That power knows our secret fear,
 The lonely sigh, or silent tear ;
 He sees the widow's streaming eye,
 And hears the hungry orphans cry.
 Depending worlds his sacred bounty share,
 All creatures find a part of their Creator's care.

IV.

His justice next employs the heav'nly string,
 And hymning angels tremble while they sing ;
 The Lord is just and holy, then
 O weep ye thoughtless sons of men :
 For who can from his anger fly,
 Or shun the frown of God most high ?
 Yet shall the sigh, or penitential groan,
 Mount like the seraph's wing, and reach the sacred
 throne.

V.

Hear this, ye pious but dejected minds,
 Whom errors darken, or whom weakness binds ;
 Lift from the dust your mournful eye,
 And know the Lord your help is nigh ;

These

These sorrows from your breasts shall roll,
 And comfort bless the humble soul ;
 Let cheerful hope in ev'ry bosom spring,
 For boundless mercy dwells with heav'n's immortal
 King.

VI.

Come then, ye worlds, with mingled voices raise,
 A song of mean, but not ungrateful praise ;
 Though the dull numbers rudely flow,
 And our cold hearts but faintly glow,
 Our raptures own a less degree,
 Yet cherubs sing, and so should we.
 Th' Almighty hears, and gives us leave to call
 On him, the judge, the guide, and sacred Lord of all.

VII.

All you that bend beneath the stroke of time,
 And you whose cheeks confess their healthy prime,
 Your Maker and Preserver praise,
 For early and for length of days ;
 The pious and the grateful song,
 Shall lisp upon the infant's tongue,
 While heav'nly mercy sooths the mourner's care,
 And bids the innocent rejoice, the sinner not despair.

The BENEDICITE Paraphrased.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

I.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise below'd ;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabrick made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

II.

YE angels, that with loud acclaim
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd th'eternal king ;
 Again proclaim your maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

III.

Praise him, ye bles'd æthereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne :
 Ye waters, that above him roll,
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 Oh ! make his praises known !

IV.

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours,
 With us your voices raise ;

From

From age to age extend the lay,
To heav'n's eternal monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

V.

Cœlestial orb! —— whose pow'rful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own ;
Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
With light, as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

VI.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
With him the song pursue ;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun,
The light he lends to you.

VII.

Ye show'rs, and dews, whose moisture shed,
Calls into life the op'ning seed,
To him your praises yield ;
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

VIII.

Ye winds, that oft' tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God ;
See, through the heav'ns, the King of kings,
Up-borne on your expanded wings,
Comes flying all abroad.

IX.

Ye floods of fire, where e'er ye flow,
 With just submission humbly bow
 To his superior pow'r ;
 Who stops the tempest on its way,
 Or bids the flaming deluge fly,
 And gives it strength to roar.

X.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 By turns in long succession roll'd,
 The drooping world to cheer ;
 Praise him, who gave the sun and moon,
 To lead the various seasons on,
 And guide the circling year.

XI.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
 Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
 Pursue the heav'nly theme ;
 Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
 Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
 And stops the rapid stream.

XII.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly born,
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
 Alternate glide away ;
 Praise him, whose never-varying light,
 Absent, adds horror to the night,
 But present gives the day.

XIII.

Light,—from whose rays all beauty springs,
 Darkness,—whose wide-expanded wings
 Involve the dusky globe ;

Praise

Praise him, who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavillion made,
And light his regal robe.

XIV:

Praise him, ye light'nings, as ye fly,
Wing'd with his vengeance through the sky,
And red with wrath divine ;
Praise him, ye clouds, that wand'ring stray,
Or fix'd by him in close array,
Surround his awful shrine.

XV.

Exalt, O earth ! thy heav'nly king,
Who bids the plants, that form the spring,
With annual verdure bloom ;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

XVI.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod ;
Think how ye once affrighted fled,
When Jordan sought his fountain head,
And own'd th'approaching God.

XVII.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene,
Ye flowers, that o'er th'enamel'd green
In native beauty reign,
O ! praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
 That murmur ring rise amongs the hills,
 Or fill the humble vale ;
 Praise him, at whose almighty nod
 'The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
 And form'd a springing well.

XIX.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
 Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
 And roll from shore to shore ;
 Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside,
 Ye floods, within your channels glide,
 And tremble and adore.

XX.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
 Or in its dark recesses sleep,
 Remote from human eye ;
 Praise him, by whom ye all are fed,
 Praise him, without whose heavenly aid
 Ye languish, faint, and die.

XXI.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name,
 Begin, and with th' important theme
 Your artless lays improve ;
 Wake with your songs the rising day,
 Let musick sound on ev'ry spray,
 And fill the vocal grove.

XXII.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
 Amid the solitary gloom,
 Th' expected prey to seize ;

Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your weary'd knees.

XXIII.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp't his image on you clay,
And gave it pow'r to move ;
Ye, that in *Judah's* confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

XXIV.

Let *Levi's* tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attentive down ;
Let wonder seize the heav'nly train,
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal strain,
So sweet, so like their own.

XXV.

And you, your thankful voices join,
That oft at *Salem's* sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel ;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

XXVI.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest abode,
To heav'nly mansions soar ;
O ! let your songs his praise display,
Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
 Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
 The boundless bliss to share ;
 O ! praise him, till ye take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And reign for ever there.

XXVIII.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
 Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
 Amid the fiery blaze ;
 While thus we triumph in the flame,
 Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
 In hymns of endless praise.

On the LAST JUDGMENT.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
 As DAVID and the SYBILS say.

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
 When the strict judge, who would be kind,
 Shall have few venial faults to find ?

M

III.

III.

The last loud trumpet's wond'rous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and death shall with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what int'rest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty formidable king,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror toss.

X.

X.

Thou, who for me didn't feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou, whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou, who wert mov'd with MARY's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast giv'n me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy prayer;
Preserve me from that dang'rous snare,
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place
Amongst thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

XVI.

From that infatiable abyss,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend ;
 My God, my father, and my friend,
 Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
 Who rise to a reviving death.
 Thou great C R E A T O R of mankind,
 Let guilty M A N compassion find.

A Request to the D I V I N E B E I N G .

T H O U great and sacred Lord of all,
 Of life the only spring,
 Creator of unnumber'd worlds,
 Immensely glorious King.

Whose image shakes the stagg'ring mind,
 Beyond conception high ;
 Crown'd with omnipotence, and veil'd
 With dark eternity.

Drive from the confines of my heart,
 Impenitence and pride :
 Nor let me in erroneous paths
 With thoughtless idiots glide.

Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
 Sees for thy creature fit,
 I'll bless the good and to the ill
 Contentedly submit.

With

With humane pleasure let me view
 The prosp'rous and the great ;
 Malignant envy let me fly,
 With odious self-conceit.

Let not despair nor curs'd revenge
 Be to my bosom known ;
 O give me tears for other's woe
 And patience for my own.

Feed me with necessary food,
 I ask not wealth nor fame :
 But give me eyes to view thy works,
 And sense to praise thy name.

And when thy wisdom thinks it fit,
 To shake this troubled mind ;
 Preserve my reason with my griefs,
 And let me not repine.

May my still days obscurely pass,
 Without remorse or care ;
 And let me for the parting hour,
 My trembling ghost prepare.

The M A G I. An ECLOGUE.

By the Rev. Mr. HOBSON.

NO more in beauty's praise my numbers move,
Nor melt away in dying falls of love.
A child on earth, yet heav'n's eternal King,
The manger'd God, the Virgin's son I sing.
Thou fountain-good, with light my soul o'erflow,
With hallow'd ardour bid my bosom glow!
Fir'd at the promise of thy dawning ray,
The Eastern Sages found celestial day.

Led by a captain-flame, with sweet surprize,
The infant Deity salutes their eyes.
No jewels sparkle here; nor India's stores
The portals brighten, or emblaze the doors:
But young-ey'd Seraphims around him glow,
And Mercy spreads her many-colour'd bow!
Her bow, compos'd of new-created light,
How sweetly lambent, and how softly bright!
The sacred circle of embodied rays
His cradle crowns, and on his temples plays:
Promiscuous lustre brightens half the skies,
New beauties kindle, and new glories rise.
The venerable three, low-bending down,
Present their offerings, and the Godhead own.

Mag. 1.

From Eastern realms, where first the orient light
Springs into day, and gilds the fading night,
To Thee we bend, before the morning rise;
A purer morning trembles from thine eyes!

Mag.

Mag. 2.

Thou spotless essence of primæval light !
 Thy vassals own, and wash thy *Ethiops* white,
 Thy cloud of sable witnesses adorn
 With the first roses of thy smiling morn.

Mag. 3.

By bards foretold, the ripened years are come :
Gods fall to dust, and *oracles* are dumb.
 In vain shall fly-blown Belzebub rebel ;
Anubis howls, and *Moloch* sinks to hell !

Mag. 1.

No more shall *Mempbian* timbrels wake the morn,
 Nor tow'ring *Ammon* lift his gilded horn.
 No more the *bull* shall fear the sacred knife ;
 No sacrifice from hence shall drink his life.

Mag. 2.

Ye vallies, blush with never-fading flowers ;
 For ever smile ye meads, and blow ye bowers ;
 Bleat all ye hills, be whitened all ye plains ;
 O earth rejoice, th'eternal *shepherd* reigns !

Mag. 3.

Ye lillies, dip your leaves in falling snow,
 Ye roses, with the morning-purple glow,
 To crown the God ! Ye angels, haste to pour
 Your dew of nectar, and your starry shower !

Mag. 1. offers frankincense.

For thee *Arabia's* happy forests rise,
 And clouds of odours sweetly stain the skies.
 While fragrant wreaths of smoaking incense roll,
 Receive our prayers, the incense of the soul !

Mag. 2. offers myrrb.

The weeping *myrrb* with balmy sorrow flows,
 Thy cup to sweeten, and to sooth thy woes.
 So prophets sing: for, human and divine,
 The man was born to grieve, the God to shine.

Mag. 3. offers gold.

The ore of *India* ripens into gold
 To gild thy courts, thy temples to infold.
 Accept the emblematic* gift: again
Saturnian years revolve a golden reign.

Mag. 1.

Smile, sacred infant, smile! thy fragrant breast
 Excels the odours of the spicy *East*!
 The burnish'd gold is dro's before thine eye;
Thou God of sweetness, God of purity!

Mag. 2.

In vain the *sun* with light his orb arrays,
 Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze:
 Through his transparent fallacy we see,
 And own the *sun* is but a *star* to thee.

Mag. 3.

Hail Lord of nature, hail! to thee belong
 My song, my life—I give my life, my song:
 Live in thy light, confess thy day *divine*,
 Adore thy love, and freely give thee mine!

* *Emblematic Gift.*] Some imagine that the *Incense* was intended as an *Emblem* of Christ's *Divinity*, the *Myrrb* of his *Humanity*, and the *Gold* of his *Royalty*. See *Pool's Synop.* on *Mat. ii. 11.*

A H Y M N.

Eternal fire ! enthron'd on high !
 Whom angel hosts adore ;
 Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
 Thy presence I implore.

O guide me, down the steep of age,
 And keep my passions cool ;
 Teach me to scan the sacred page,
 And practise ev'ry rule.

Teach me to shun the sceptic's path,
 And scorn the deist's love ;
 Stedfast to hold the ancient faith,
 Hope humbly and adore.

My flying years, time urges on,
 What's human must decay,
 My friends, my youth's companions gone,
 Can I expect to stay ?

Can I exemption plead, when death
 Projects his awful dart ?
 Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
 Or virtue shield my heart ?

Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
 On thee my hope depends ;
 Support me with Almighty pow'r,
 While dust to dust descends.

Then wing my soul! O ! gracious God!
 While angels guard the way ;
 Admitted to the blest abode,
 I'll endless anthems pay.

Through heav'n's, how'er remote the bound,
 Thy matchless love proclaim,
 And join the choir of saints, that found
 Their dear Redeemer's name.

A M O R N I N G H Y M N.

TO thee, let my first offerings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day,
 Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.

What numbers with heart-piercing sighs
 Have past this tedious night!
 What numbers too have clos'd their eyes,
 No more to see the light!

Sound was *my* sleep, *my* dreams were gay,
 How short such time, review'd!
My night stole unperceiv'd away ;
 I'm like the day renew'd.

This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh!
 So oft vouchsaf'd before!
 Still may it lead, protect, supply !
 And I that hand adore !

If bliss thy providence impart,
 For which resign'd I pray ;
 Give me to feel the grateful heart !
 And without guilt be gay !

Affliction should thy love intend,
 As vice or folly's cure ;
 Patient, to gain that gracious end,
 May I the means endure !

Thus, from my fix'd, or varying fate,
 Some virtue let me gain !
 That heav'n, nor high, nor low estate,
 When sent, may send in vain.

Be this, and every future day
 Still wiser than the past !
 That life's improvement to survey
 May well sustain my last.

The SICK PENITENT.

WHEN direful symptoms, big with death,
 A wretched sinner seize,
 Threat'ning, ere long, to stop his breath,
 By some acute disease ;

How does amazement then confound
 His dull, distracted mind !
 For help he wistly looks around ;
 But, ah ! no help can find.

Nor can his fault'ring tongue express,
 Nor down cast heart controul,
 The s. d., and horrible distress,
 That overwhelms his soul.

His guilty soul !—how is it shock'd,
 When now, too late, it knows,
 That boundless mercy won't be mock'd,
 Nor always interpose.

His rough, dry tongue,—his throbbing heart,—
 Quick pulse,—and glowing cheek,—
 Light head,—weak limbs,—and raging smart,
 In vain for refuge seek.

If too, the poor, devoted wretch,
 By chance, be far from home,
 And scarce has time a friend to fetch,
 When all these ills are come,

Quite destitute of all relief,
 Not one relation near ;
 How must it aggravate his grief !
 And how enlarge his fear !

Ev'n outward comforts sometimes fail
 A soul immers'd in sin :
 Alas ! what would such helps avail,
 When there's no peace within ?

For Q !—the saddest thing of all,
 The most distracting thought,
 Is,—that his God rejects his call,
 And, now, too late is sought !

Mercy, (so deep is his despair,)
 He hardly dares invoke :
Good God !—that desp'rate man should dare
 Thy justice to provoke !

For long provok'd, 'twill, at the last,
 Make him, (he'll surely find)
 Tremble, to think of what is past,
 And what remains behind.

"Tis thus, when to ourselves we're left,
 By earth, as well as heav'n ;
 And of all succour quite bereft,
 Beside all hope are driv'n.

This seem'd to be my own sad case,
 When suddenly took ill,
 And death, methought, came on apace :—
 But I am living still !

Still gracious heav'n allows me time
 My pardon seal'd to get ;—
To free my soul from ev'ry crime,
 Though thousands me beset.

How merciful art thou, my God !
 If sinners but relent :
 How dreadful too thy angry rod !
 When man will not repent.

Thou gav'st me life ; and oft hast spar'd
 That life, though vilely led :—
 Though oft my sins thy vengeance dar'd,
 At once, to strike me dead.

Thy

Thy justice might,—hadst thou seen fit,—
 Long since, (my guilt can tell)
 Have sent me quick into the pit,
 The very lowest hell!

But thy dear darling attribute,
 Thy mercy, Lord, most sweet,
 Has waited long for better fruit,
 And for repentance meet.

For, though a barren tree, indeed,
 May dread th' uplifted ax,
 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
 Nor quench the smoaking flax.

O ! may I never more defeat,
 Nor e'er again despise,
 Thy mercies, manifold and great,
 Lest they in judgment rise ;

Against me rise, who have so long
 Been treas'ring up thy wrath :
 But, O ! forgive the grievous wrong !
 And strengthen to my faith.

Lord ! let thy terrors now begin,
 My soul, at length, to rouze
 From the dull lethargy of sin,
 And wake my sleepy vows.

Let holy fear, and ardent love,
 My purposes secure ;
 That they no more perfidious prove,
 But ever firm endure.

O !

O ! fix my poor, unstable heart,
 My God ! I thee intreat,
 That it ne'er act a treacherous part :—
 {The pray'r I still repeat.)

In goodness, grant, that I (good Lord !)
 May ever persevere :
 To me, poor sinner, help afford ;
 A suppliant wretch, O ! hear.

In deed,—in word,—in thought, no more
 May I to vice incline :
 To soul, and body, health restore ;
 And make me wholly thine.

*The SONG of the THREE CHILDREN in the
Fiery Furnace.*

O all ye beings ! which when time was young,
 From the divine productive fiat sprung :
 Bless ye the Lord, and celebrate his praise ;
 His glories over all for ever raise.

Ye angels ! delegated from above,
 To act his vengeance or declare his love :
 Bless —————

Ye azure fields ! through whose immense expanse
 Revolving orbs complete their mystic dance :
 Bless —————

Ye

Ye waters ! whose circumfluous treasures lie
 Above the vaults of our inferior sky :
 Bleſſ——

Ye who excell in might and virtue most
 Ye hierarchs of the celestial host !
 Bleſſ——

Thou sun, the fountain of diffusive light !
 And thou the silver planet of the night !
 Bleſſ——

Ye stars ! who circle through th'ethereal space ;
 Ye who for ever keep your destin'd place :
 Bleſſ——

Ye ſhow'rs ! which on the earth your drops diſtill ;
 Ye exhalations, which return in dews :
 Bleſſ——

Ye winds ! which through the languid air respire,
 Or ſpeak in tempeſts your Creator's ire ,
 Bleſſ——

Ye flames ! which with deſtructive fury glow ;
 And you to which congenial heat we owe :
 Bleſſ——

Ye wint'ry months ! unchearful and ſevere,
 And thou, the brighter ſolſtice of the year :
 Bleſſ——

Ye dews ! that owe to humid mists your birth ;
 Ye hoary frosts that whiten all the earth :
 Bleſſ——

Ye that in solid chains the waters hold !

Ye particles of penetrating cold :

Bless —————

Ye waters in those icey fetters bound !

Ye snows whose silver fleece bespreads the ground !

Bless —————

Ye revolutions of alternate night !

Ye revolutions of diurnal light !

Bless —————

Thou light, as early born as nature's prime !

Thou darkness, ancient ere the birth of time !

Bless —————

Ye lightnings, waving with a dreadful glare !

Ye clouds, suspended on the liquid air :

Bless —————

And thou terrestrial ball to these reply ;

With grateful voice to bless the Deity :

Do thou combine to celebrate his praise ;

His glories over all for ever raise.

Ye mountain steeps ! that emulate the skies !

Hills that with humbler elevation rise !

Bless —————

Ye vegetables ! that with springing green

Enrich, and beautify the rural scene :

Bless —————

Ye springs ! whose subterranean cells contain

Collected humour or pervading rain :

Bless —————

Ye mighty oceans ! which the world divide ;

Ye rivers ! which devolve an useful tide :

Bless —————

Enormous

Enormous whales ! who roll upon the main ;
 And all who glide along the wat'ry plain :
 Bless——

Ye wanderers ! whom plamy pennons bear.
 Aloft, in regions of the trackless air :
 Bless——

Ye savages of earth ! inur'd to prey ;
 Ye herds, who the command of man obey :
 Bless——

Ye whom the wise Creator of the whole
 Has form'd erect and rational of soul :
 Bless——

Ye tribes ! who sever'd from the race of earth,
 From ancient *Israel* derive your birth :
 Bless——

Ye who, descended from the priestly line,
 Are ever destin'd to attend his shrine :
 Bless——

Ye votaries ! whose piety of mind
 Is to the service of the Lord resign'd :
 Bless——

Ye spirits of the just ! ye souls who past
 Through mortal toils to happiness at last :
 Bless——

Ye virtuous hearts ! where pure religion sways,
 And meek humility her laws obeys :
 Bless——

And

And you, the three, whom dauntless zeal inspires :
 To dare the monarch's frown and rage of fires !
 Bless ye the Lord and celebrate his praise ;
 His glories over all for ever raise.

A H Y M N.

A Lmighty Maker God !
 How wond'rous is thy name !
 Thy glory how diffus'd abroad
 Through the creation's frame.

Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t'express
 Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
 The rose and lilly stand,
 And free from pride, their beauties spread,
 To shew thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
 With unambitious song,
 And bears her Maker's praise on high
 Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too,
 Fain would my tongue adore my king,
 And pay the worship due.

But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform ;
 Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
 Or praise thee with design ;
 Some of the favours I forget,
 Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame,
 Are faithless to thy cause,
 And steal the honours of thy name
 To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain ;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me from above,
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God my soul, ascend,
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

A H Y M N.

I.

A L A S, my aking heart !
 Here the keen torment lies ;
 It racks my waking hours with smart,
 And frights my slumbering eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
 My griefs take vent apace,
 The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
 Flush crimson in my face.

III.

My sorrows, like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint,
 Into thy bosom, O my God,
 Pour out a long complaint.

IV.

This impious heart of mine
 Could once defy the Lord,
 Could rush with violence on to sin,
 In presence of thy sword.

V.

How often have I stood
 A rebel to the skies,
 The calls, the tenders of a God,
 And mercy's loudest cries !

VI.

VI.

He offers all his grace,
 And all his heaven to me ;
 Offers ! but 'tis to senseless brats,
 That cannot feel nor see.

VII.

Jesus the Saviour stands
 To court me from above,
 And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
 And shews the prints of love.

VIII.

But I, a stupid fool,
 How long have I withhold
 The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
 And paid for all in blood ?

IX.

The heav'ly dove came down
 And tender'd me his wings
 To mount me upward to a crown
 And bright immortal things.

X.

Lord, I'm ashamed to say
 That I refus'd thy Dove,
 And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
 To his own realms of love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'ly charms,
 Nor terrors of thy hand,
 Could force me to lay down my arms,
 And bow to thy command.

XII.

XII.

'Lord, 'tis against thy face
 My sins like arrows rise,
 And yet, and yet (O matchless grace !)
 Thy thunder silent lies.

XIII.

O shall I never feel
 The meltings of thy love ?
 Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
 That mercy cannot move ?

XIV.

Now for one powerful glance,
 Dear Saviour, from thy face !
 This rebel heart no more withstands,
 But sinks beneath thy grace.

XV.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
 Here at thy cross I lie ;
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
 And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

" Rise, says the prince of mercy, rise;
 " With joy and pity in his eyes :
 " Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
 " Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

XVII.

" See my great Father reconciled :" He said. And lo, the Father smil'd ; The joyful cherubs clap'd their wings, And sounded grace on all their strings.

C H R I S T's P A S S I O N.

I.

ENough my muse, of earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind,
Take up thy lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting strings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournful stories,
The lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.

Mountainous heap of wonders ! which dost arise
Till earth thou joynest with the skies !
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye.
How shall I grasp this boundless thing !
What shall I play ? what shall I sing ?
I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spi-
rits above,
With all their comments can explain ;
How all the whole worlds life to die did not disdain.

II.

I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion di-
vine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reason's plummet, and the line of wit.
Too light the plummet, and too short the line.
How the eternal Father did bestow
His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe.

I'll

I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear
 The triumph of the buried Conqueror.
 How hell was by its pris'ner led,
 And the great slayer, death, slain by the dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,
 Mixt with with the murderers' confused noise,
 Sound from the top of *Calvary* ;
 My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
 Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three ;
 O how unlike the others he !
 Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings
 from the tree !
 His gracious hands ne'er stretcht but to do good,
 Are nail'd to the infamous wood ?
 And sinful man does fondly bind
 The arms, which he extends t'mbrace all human kind.

IV.

Unhappy man, canst thou stand by, and see
 All this as patient as he ?
 Since he thy sins does bear,
 Make thou his sufferings thine own,
 And weep, and sigh, and groan,
 And beat thy breast, and tear
 Thy garments, and thy hair,
 And let thy grief, and let thy love
 Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
 Dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,
 Not purple brought from the *Sidonian* shore,
 But made at home with richer gore ?
 Dost thou not see the roses, which adorn
 Thy thorny garland, by him worn ?
 Dost thou not see the livid traces
 Of the sharp scourge's rude embraces :

If yet thou feelest not the smart
 Of thorns and scourges in thy heart,
 If that be yet not crucify'd,
 Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side.

V.

Open, oh ! open wide the fountain of thine eyes,
 And let e'm call
 Their stock of moisture forth where'er it lies,
 For this will ask it all,
 'Twould all (alas !) too little be
 Though thy salt tears come from a sea ;
 Canst thou deny him this, when he
 Has open'd all his vital springs for thee ?
 Take heed ; for by his sides mysterious flood
 May well be understood,
 That he will require some waters to his blood.

A H Y M N.

Composed by a GENTLEMAN during Sickness.

WHEN rising from the Bed of Death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear !

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought.

When

When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd,
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh ! how shall I appear !

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 'Ere yet it be too late ;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
 To make her pardon sure.

The following H Y M N, which was written by Monsieur *Des Barreaux*, who had been one of the greatest Wits and Libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a Penitent, is here inserted on Account of the English following.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité ;
 Toujours tu prends plaisir à nous être propice.
 Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
 Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta Justice.
 Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impétè
 Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice :
 Ton interest s'oppose à ma felicité ;
 Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.

*Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux ;
Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre ;
J'adore en perissant la raison qui t'aigrit.
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST ?*

The SAME IMITATED.

THY ways, great God, are always just and right,
Thou'rt pleas'd when we true happiness pursue ;
Unbounded goodness is thy chief delight,
Thou dost with pity all our failings view.

But Oh ! so black with guilt my soul is stain'd,
That all my sighs and pray'rs, in vain ascend ;
For me no mercy ne'er can be obtain'd ;
Mercy ! to me thy justice would offend !

Yes, my dread God ! so impious I have been,
Thy holy laws and precepts all deny'd ;
And through my life in ev'ry vary'd scene,
With horrid blasphemies have thee defy'd.

I've finn'd beyond the reach of mercy here,
So nothing now, my God, with thee remains ;
Only to chuse the torments I must bear,
In agonizing never-ending pains.

Th'eternal rules of equity and truth,
Those sacred and inviolable bands ;
Retrain my pardon from thy gracious mouth,
And my destruction clemency demands.

Since

Since then thy honour and thy glory cries,
 For justice due on this devoted head,
 Let no contrition from my flowing eyes,
 To stay thy fury hap'ly interceed.

Pour out thy wrath, I have deserv'd it all,
 Thy goodness and forbearance never priz'd ;
 'Tis time thy vengeance should upon me fall,
 For I (Oh ! pang to think) have thee despis'd.

Thy justice Lord, in perishing I own,
 Adore the sentence I from thee receive ;
 Though I repent, repentance can't attone,
 Nor expiate those crimes for which I grieve,

But I'll thy sweet, mysterious love explore :
 Where shall thine anger dart th'impending blow ?
 Since with the blood of C H R I S T I'm cover'd o'er,
 And from his wounds doth my salvation flow.

A H Y M N for the Light of Faith.

ARISE, on my benighted mind,
O mighty Saviour of mankind ;
Arise, enlighten all within,
And chase away the mists of sin.

Thou art that Son which day-light brings,
When risen with healing on thy wings ;
The wretched world, without thy light,
Had grop'd in universal night.

What tree without thy genial ray
Can shoot, or what produce the day :
So without thee, what virtue shine,
Or grace, without thy aid divine.

Arise, O Day-Star, on my heart,
And make the height of sin depart ;
Allay the raging of my will,
And bid that troubled sea be still.

Thou art that universal height
Wouldst shine on all with radiance bright,
Yet men, alas ! perversely blind,
Shut out this day-light from their mind.

Lord, touch my heart that I believe,
And then I shall my sight recieve,
The sight of faith, by which I may
Rejoice in everlasting day.

Aspiring to the DIVINE LIFE.

A HYMN.

FAIN would my soul enjoy her God,
And feel the sunshine of his face,
Be dead to this terrestrial clod,
And tune her songs to endless grace :

But, oh ! these treach'rous ears and eyes
Tempt some fresh snare where'er I go,
Drink in the world's tumultuous cries,
And fasten on its gilded shew.

At night's meridian reign I wake,
Bless the blank silence and the gloom,
Then aim an heav'nly flight to take,
And launch into the joys to come.

But swift the earthborn fancies rise,
And break the heav'n-ascending chain,
Replace the painted vanities,
And talk the buzzing sounds again.

Sudden a mounting flame aspires,
Sudden a duly fog descends ;
The fog subdues the heav'nly fires,
And damps and darkness wide extends.

O when shall that blest hour arrive
That sets my fetter'd soul at large ?
Time faster still thy chariot drive,
And hasten death to my discharge.

Or rather may Almighty grace
Exalt, enliven, and refine,
From this vain heart the world efface,
And seal me with the stamp divine.

Thus, while I sojourn here below,
To heav'n my faithful songs shall rise :
So angels, when through earth they go,
Enjoy the raptures of the skies.

F I N I S.

